

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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SCALLOPS

—those deliciously edible molluscs—provided the badge of mediæval pilgrims, the decorative “scallop-shell of quiet” referred to by Sir Walter Raleigh. Epicures have for many years made pilgrimages to sea-food sanctuaries to sample their scallops au gratin.

Guinness Guide to Shellfish



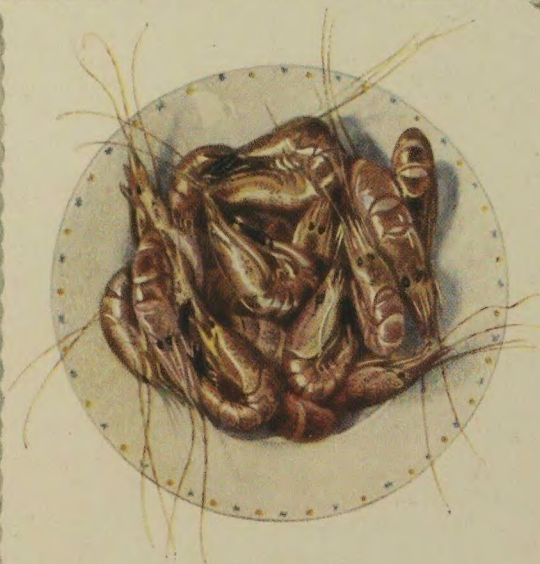
OYSTERS

and poverty, said Sam Weller, “always seem to go together”. But what goes best with oysters is Guinness. As Calverley wrote, stout is “good with oysters, very”. Colchesters, Whitstables, or Helfords, they all slip down more meltingly with sips of Guinness.



CRABS

are at their best from May to August. Curried, devilled, au gratin, or dressed, they are an excellent excuse for Guinness. To dress, mix crabmeat with oil and vinegar and serve in the large shell. Garnish with lemon, parsley and chopped hard-boiled egg.



SHRIMPS

make a delectable curry, and have an honoured place in hors d'œuvres and savouries. Try folding them in mayonnaise and stuffing green peppers with them. Shrimps and Guinness are as neighbourly victuals as you will find.



LOBSTER

is as inseparable from Guinness as duck from green peas. The mayonnaise you eat with lobster is named after a British defeat—the French capture of Port Mahon, Minorca, in 1756. But a British triumph soon followed: Guinness was first brewed in 1759.



COCKLES AND MUSSELS

Dublin's fair city is today more famous as the home of Guinness than for these delectable molluscs (to which Guinness is both complement and compliment). The best cockle in the world, many maintain, is the Stiffkey Blue, from the north coast of Norfolk.



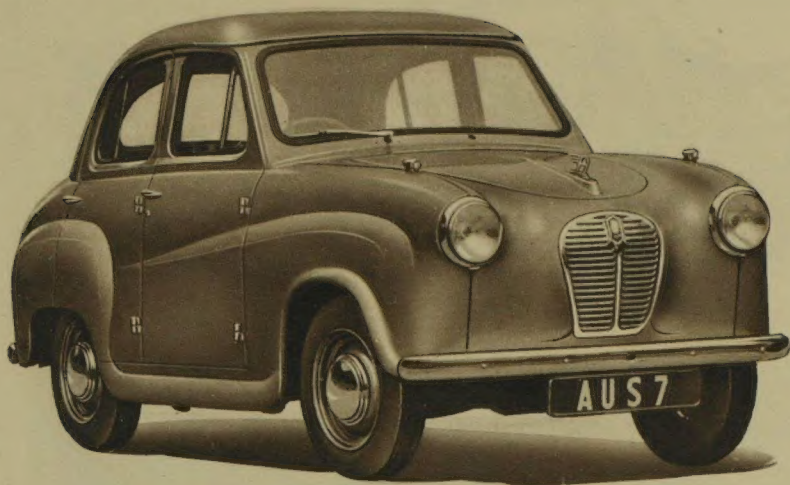
CRAWFISH

(or crayfish) are miniature fresh-water lobsters, with a thin shell and a subtle flavour. They are to be found, in a great many of our streams, hiding in holes and crevices—whence the French name *écrevisse*, of which crayfish is a corruption.



—AND GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

A recipe leaflet, based on this page, may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., Park Royal, London, N.W.10.



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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1953.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, ON WHOSE SHOULDERS
THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FREE WORLD'S PEACE AND PROSPERITY WAS PLACED ON JANUARY 20.

January 20 saw the departure of President Truman from the White House and the inauguration of President Eisenhower. It was an occasion of more than ordinary significance in American and World history. It marked the Republican Party's first tenure of power since the United States had become a conscious world Power; and, besides the party's inexperience of international leadership, that party was being led by a professional soldier with virtually

no political experience. But the free world was reassured inasmuch as it already well knew General Eisenhower as a man of good will, a man of genius in organisation and compromise and a man of great integrity, who sees life in the terms of a crusade; and who has demonstrated in North Africa, Northern Europe, Germany and in the complexities of N.A.T.O. that he is an able and honest leader with a great capacity of uniting allies of widely differing views.

Camera study by Fabian Bachrach.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HARRY TRUMAN may not, perhaps, be a "great" man. But he is what his name implies, a true one, who, because of his honesty and goodness, has done great things. During his eight years' tenure of the loneliest and most responsible office on earth, he has again and again taken decisions that an ordinary statesman, thinking only of his career and popularity with his fellows, would have avoided. And in their pursuit he has shown the quality that Americans and Englishmen most admire—the latter perhaps even more than the former—endurance and constancy. He has stuck to his guns, even when sometimes they have not been very impressive guns. His relinquishment of office is, therefore, an occasion on which even an Englishman can do no other but salute him. For though in this country any real understanding of American politics and political parties is virtually non-existent, almost every Englishman has known in his heart that the former President of the United States was "a game and honest little fellow": the kind of man one could instinctively trust and whom one would like to have at one's side in a tough place. It is comparatively easy—though it demands high virtue—to give this impression in the simple affairs of private life. To be able to do so in the intricate and shifting world of national and international politics demands character of the highest order. Harry Truman possessed it.

He revealed something of his quality in those first few weeks after he so unexpectedly assumed office, following the tragic death of his famous and brilliant predecessor. He showed it by his obvious humility. And he showed it by another and even more important quality which was the counterpart of his humility: his reliance on a spiritual force greater than himself. He made it clear at the outset that he believed men are put into the world to fulfil duties which are often beyond them but which an unpretending faith in God can none the less enable them to perform. It was, he confessed—and with obvious sincerity—his only qualification for his great office. Yet he showed himself to possess others. He was, as the event proved, a most able politician. He made mistakes, as all politicians must, but, on the whole, made considerably fewer than his opponents. His triumph in the election of 1948 was, like Baldwin's in this country in 1935, the achievement of a master. And he was a doughty fighter. He was not a man of war, but he was unquestionably a man of courage. His rallying of the free world in defence of the South Koreans and the outraged decencies of international life may well prove to be one of the turning-points in history. It was a magnificent decision, and one for which every honourable man who loves freedom was waiting. It made him more than an American: it made him for his day the first citizen of the world. If any man merits ceremonial burning in the Red Square with the full anathemas of the Lords of the Kremlin, it is Harry Truman! He trumped the latter's ace. Long may he live to enjoy his well-earned rest and the honourable regard of his fellow-men, not only in his native land, but all the free world over!

Harry Truman, like other men in high places, inevitably had blind spots. His chief failure as a world leader, I believe, was his inability to appreciate Britain's latent and historic power and her continued capacity for service to the world—an attitude very natural in a simple American brought up to regard Britain as an outmoded imperialist Power: one, unfortunately, reinforced at every turn by the views of so many of Britain's own political and intellectual leaders. For no one has done more to popularise the idea that Britain's rôle in global affairs should now be a minor and apologetic one than her own post-war statesmen and publicists. Their philosophy, however admirable in other respects, in regard to their imperial responsibilities has been largely the philosophy of the "sell-out." Their object seems to have been to discard the honourable but burdensome

legacy left them by their fathers and forefathers as quickly as possible. Confronted by the fact that the favourable conditions of the Diamond Jubilee, and even of the Wembley Exhibition, had vanished, they seem to have been unable to envisage any other in which their country could give mankind leadership or even maintain her own just rights. Strangely forgetful of what she achieved even in the years between 1940 and 1944, and obsessed with the antiquated financial canons, whether Marxist or Gladstonian, of the 1880's, these tearful exponents of an eleemosynary political philosophy have scarcely opened their lips on any imperial subject without revealing their own bankruptcy of ideas and, by implication, that of their country. Even their current parrot-talk about a new Elizabethan age is, as everyone outside Britain can see, the merest flummery, for it does not appear to be based on even the most rudimentary knowledge of the kind of conditions Elizabethan England had to overcome and, what is more, succeeded in overcoming. A miraculous return, under the cosy banner of the Welfare State, to the obese glories of the last two Victorian decades, seems to be

their sole recipe for Utopia, or even survival. That everything that the United States and the U.S.S.R. possess within their own territories is possessed within those of the British Commonwealth and Empire and could, given a few years of courageous leadership, be enjoyed by its peoples without fear of either Russian or American dictation never seems to have occurred to these feeble-spirited fatalists. No one, therefore, can reasonably blame a home-bred and 100-per-cent. American like Harry Truman for having accepted post-war Britain at its own leaders' valuation.

None the less, I believe that valuation to have been profoundly unsound. Britain is just as capable of astonishing the world in, say, 1960, as she was in 1940. Man for man, she still possesses, here and throughout the English-speaking Commonwealth, the finest human material in the world. Except in the fighting Services between 1940 and 1945 she has, generally speaking, been weak in administrative and political leadership ever since the greatest holocausts in Picardy and Flanders between July, 1916, and May, 1918. Yet, as anyone who has moved freely about England knows, it has not been for lack of potential human material. Given the right leadership at the top, the British people could do everything in the future that they have done in the past. They could be stronger than the Russians and wiser than the Americans. And sooner or later, I am convinced, they will earn and obtain that leadership. Those who assume they can never do so again are miscalculating as others before them miscalculated.

So when Harry Truman, in his final message to Congress, spoke of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. as possessing "tremendous human and natural resources, actual or potential, on a scale unmatched by any other nation," and failed to mention Britain and the Commonwealth, I believe he was overlooking something which no world statesman can wisely overlook. In recording this conviction, I should like to make it clear that I regard his conduct towards Britain, based though it has partly been on a misapprehension,

as generous in the extreme. Regarding her, like so many of her own apologetic statesmen, largely as a bad debt, he has out of his overflowing American heart made available to preserve her economy American resources for which, in his own view and that of the great mass of his people, there can never have seemed any expectation of an adequate economic return. By such generosity of heart—and hand—an Englishman cannot but be profoundly moved, even if, like the writer, he believes that the necessity for it could have been avoided by courage and vision in Britain's leaders and by the kind of response from the British people that such courage and vision would have evoked. And he is grateful, too, to know that in bidding farewell to one friend to his country at the White House, he is welcoming in his place another tried and proved one.

THE OUTGOING PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



SUCCEEDED IN HIS GREAT OFFICE BY GENERAL EISENHOWER: MR. HARRY S. TRUMAN—"A DOUGHTY FIGHTER . . . NOT A MAN OF WAR, BUT UNQUESTIONABLY A MAN OF COURAGE"—FOR EIGHT YEARS PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A. [Photograph by Fabian Bachrach.]

Mr. Harry S. Truman, Democrat, who was elected Vice-President of the United States of America on November 7, 1944, and succeeded to the Presidency on the death of President Roosevelt on April 12, 1945, was elected for a further term of office in November 1948. He is now succeeded by General Eisenhower, Republican, the date of whose inauguration as President being January 20, 1953. Mr. Truman is the subject of Mr. Arthur Bryant's article on this page, and he refers to him as "not a man of war, but . . . unquestionably a man of courage"; continuing: "His rallying of the free world in defence of the South Koreans and the outraged decencies of international life, may well prove to be one of the turning-points in history." Mr. Truman, in the course of his eighth and final message on the State of the Union presented to Congress on January 7, addressed a passage directly to Mr. Stalin, pointing out that war had changed its shape and dimensions since Lenin prophesied war between the two worlds and could now be only a stage in the ruin of civilisation. He referred to Korea and said events there had demonstrated that the free world had the will and endurance to match the Communist effort to overthrow international order through local aggression and referred to the "grand design of the Marshall Plan." On January 15 he held his last Press conference; and later broadcast a personal farewell from the White House.



THE UNITED STATES' NEW FIRST LADY: MRS. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, IN THE GOWN WHICH SHE CHOSE FOR THE INAUGURAL BALL WHICH ENDS INAUGURATION DAY.

AMERICA'S NEW FIRST LADY—MRS. EISENHOWER, AND MRS. RICHARD NIXON, THE WIFE OF THE NEW VICE-PRESIDENT.

AFTER the various ceremonies which have grown up around the inauguration of the President of the United States, there follow a varying number of Inaugural Balls at Washington; and it is at these occasions that the first hints of the social life of a new régime are given. There were to be two balls in connection with President Eisenhower's inauguration; and it was expected that at these great occasions the new First Lady and the wives of the members of the new Administration would make their bow as social leaders in America's public life. Mrs. Eisenhower, before her marriage to the General in 1916, was Miss Mamie Geneva Doud, one of four sisters, of whom two died young. She and the President have one son, Major John Eisenhower, who is married and has an eleven-year-old son and two younger daughters. Mrs. Nixon, who, like her husband, the Vice-President, comes from California, has two young daughters. She was a schoolteacher before her marriage and she and the Vice-President met in the course of an amateur dramatic performance. Both Mrs. Eisenhower and Mrs. Nixon played an active and effective part in their husbands' election campaigns.



MRS. EISENHOWER IN HER INAUGURAL BALL GOWN: IT IS DESCRIBED AS BEING OF RENOIR PINK PEAU-DE-SOIE, DECORATED WITH 2000 RHINESTONES IN CLUSTERS.



MRS. RICHARD NIXON, THE WIFE OF THE NEW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—IN THE ICE-BLUE BROCADE GOWN SHE CHOSE FOR THE INAUGURAL BALL AT WASHINGTON.

A CAMERA SURVEY OF EVENTS ABROAD: LIGHT AND DARK IN HUMAN AFFAIRS.



WINTER SPORTS IN AUSTRIA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SKI-JUMPING IN PROGRESS DURING AN INTERNATIONAL EVENT AT INNSBRUCK; WITH THE TOWN SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



SNOWMANSHIP: A FINE EXAMPLE OF SCULPTURE IN SNOW BY A GERMAN ARTIST AT STUTTGART, GERMANY, WHO USED 5000 LB. OF MATERIAL, SUPPLIED FREE BY NATURE, TO CONSTRUCT A MODEL OF A COACH AND HORSES WHICH ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION.



THE "LAND-GIFT" MOVEMENT IN INDIA: SHRIMATI RAMESHWARI NEHRU, LEADER OF A MISSION, EXPLAINING THE SCHEME TO A VILLAGE ASSEMBLY NEAR NEW DELHI. The "land-gift" movement started by the late Mahatma Gandhi is now under the leadership of Acharya Vinoba Bhave. The object of the scheme is to persuade landlords to donate land to the poor farmers and peasants. Thousands of acres of land have already been donated in this way, partly through the efforts of a band of volunteers who recently left New Delhi to tour neighbouring villages to interest landlords in the scheme.



THE STATE OPENING OF THE RIKSDAG, IN SWEDEN: H.M. KING GUSTAF MAKING HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE IN THE HALL OF STATE ON JANUARY 12. On January 12 King Gustaf opened the new session of the Riksdag in the Hall of State. In our photograph, standing below the throne to the left, are the Lord High Steward and the Prime Minister, Dr. Tage Erlander, and to the right Dr. Östen Undén, Minister for Foreign Affairs.



CHARGED WITH MURDER AND OTHER ATROCITIES AT THE SCHIRMECK CONCENTRATION CAMP DURING THE OCCUPATION OF FRANCE: THE SIX ACCUSED GERMANS. Six Germans were recently put on trial at Metz charged with the murder of inmates of the Schirmeck Concentration Camp and other atrocities during the Occupation of France. Six others were tried *in absentia*. Our photograph shows the accused in court during the hearing of the case, ranged behind the counsel for the defence.



AWAITING TRANSPORT TO THE WEST—AND FREEDOM: REFUGEES FROM EASTERN BERLIN ACCOMMODATED IN A TEMPORARY CAMP IN WESTERN BERLIN. During the last few weeks there has been a steady stream of refugees from Communist Berlin into the Western Sectors. On arrival they are housed in temporary camps to await transportation to West Germany. A Jewish refugee is reported to have said: "East German Communists are finishing to-day the job Hitler almost accomplished." Last year nearly 120,000 refugees fled into West Berlin.

NEW PRINCES OF THE CHURCH: THE RED HAT CEREMONY IN ROME.



(ABOVE.) THE SCENE AT THE PUBLIC CONSISTORY IN ST. PETER'S: THE POPE, SEATED ON HIS THRONE (RIGHT), AT THE CEREMONY DURING WHICH HE CONFERRED THE SYMBOLIC RED HAT ON SEVENTEEN NEW CARDINALS.

ROME'S week of pageantry, during which the Pope conferred the Red Hat on seventeen new cardinals, has just ended. The Sacred College is complete with seventy cardinals for the first time in over 250 years, and seventeen of the twenty-four whom the Pope named in the Secret Consistory in the Vatican on January 13 have taken formal possession of their titular churches. The many ceremonies attending the elevation to the cardinalate included the Public Consistory in St. Peter's on January 15 at which over 30,000 people were present. The Pope received each cardinal one by one, and laid on the head of each the Red Hat which, he told them, was "the singular distinction of the rank of cardinal." The bestowal of the hat was, in fact, a symbolic act, for the same hat was used for each cardinal, and the cardinals received their own hats later in the day. Among the seven cardinals who were absent from Rome were Mgr. Stepinac, the Archbishop of Zagreb; and Mgr. Wyszynski, Archbishop of Warsaw.

(RIGHT.) APPROACHING THE THRONE ONE BY ONE: THE CARDINALS WHO KNELT BEFORE THE POPE AS HIS HOLINESS PLACED HIS HAND ON THE RED HAT HELD OVER EACH CARDINAL'S HEAD.



"GOD HAVE MERCY ON THY SERVANTS AND GUIDE THEM IN THE WAY THAT LEADS TO ETERNAL SALVATION": THE NEW CARDINALS PROSTRATED BEFORE THE ALTAR IN ST. PETER'S, WITH THEIR HEADS COVERED BY THEIR HOODS. THE HOLY FATHER WAS NOT PRESENT AT THIS CEREMONY.



TWO HOURS FORTY MINUTES AFTER STRIKING A SUBMERGED OBSTACLE OFF THE EAST AFRICAN COAST, THE 10,544-TON DUTCH LINER KLIPFONTEIN PLUNGES INTO THE DEPTHS.

LAND AND SEA DISASTERS, AN EVEREST BURIAL, ITALIAN BOOKS, AND A GERMAN "SKY-CAMERA".



WAITING TO BE RESCUED BY THE BRITISH UNION CASTLE LINER BLOEMFONTEIN CASTLE: PASSENGERS AND CREW FROM THE KLIPFONTEIN IN ONE OF THE SHIP'S BOATS.

At 1.20 p.m. on January 8 the Dutch liner *Klipfontein* (owned by the Netherlands Shipping Company and sailing for the Holland-Africa Line) struck a submerged obstacle about 100 miles north of Lourenço Marques when sailing from that port to Beira. An oil tank in the bows exploded, but the passengers and crew had plenty of time to get into the boats. They were all rescued by the *Bloemfontein Castle*, which appeared about 2 p.m. The *Klipfontein* sank at 4 p.m.



(LEFT.) MUSICIANS PLAYING TO TWO CAGED NIGHTINGALES: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM AN ITALIAN BOOK OF 1684, FROM THE NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE'S CURRENT EXHIBITION.

This cut—from a book by Giovanni Pietro Olina published in 1684 (lent by the University of Bristol), is chosen from a large number of exhibits under the general heading "The Italian Book, 1465-1900," shown at the National Book League (Albemarle Street, W.1) and the Italian Institute (Belgrave Square, S.W.1), during January, February and March.

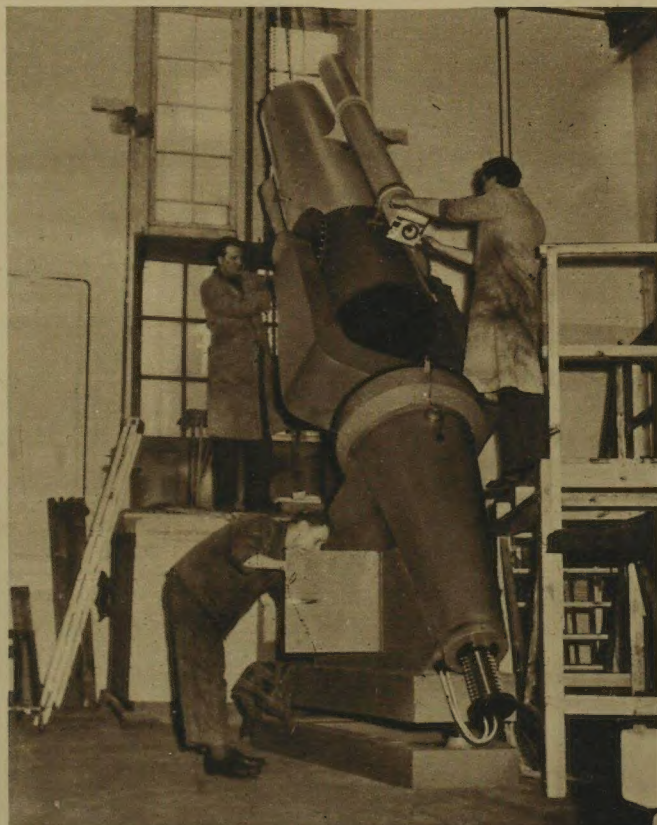
(RIGHT.) A GRAVE ON EVEREST: MEMBERS OF THE SWISS EXPEDITION AT THE GRAVE OF SHERPA MINGMA DORJE, WHO WAS KILLED BY A FALL OF ICE.

On October 31, 1952, Sherpa Mingma Dorje, accompanying the Swiss Everest Expedition, was killed by a fall of ice during the attack on the South Col. He was buried at an altitude of well over 20,000 ft. A makeshift cross records his name and the date of his death.



A 50-M.P.H. ACCIDENT IN WHICH THERE WAS NO LOSS OF LIFE: THE TRAIN WHICH CRASHED INTO THE BUFFERS AT WASHINGTON'S UNION STATION ON JANUARY 15, AFTER THE BRAKES FAILED.

Early on January 15 the brakes on a train from Boston and New York failed as it was approaching Union Station in Washington. The train crashed into the buffers at over 50 m.p.h. After ploughing through the stationmaster's office and a news stand, the engine and first two coaches broke through the concrete floor of the station and dropped into a luggage-room 15 ft. below. Nearly fifty people were hurt, some seriously, but nobody was killed.



A "SKY-CAMERA," NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN WEST BERLIN; BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST MADE IN GERMANY SINCE THE WAR. This "sky-camera," a camera telescope weighing about 3 tons, is being built at the Askania works in West Berlin at an estimated cost of approximately £7000. It is designed for erection at Bonn University, in West Germany, and is reported capable of taking photographs of stars down to Class 23.

EVENTS IN EGYPT RECORDED BY CAMERA, AND ENVOYS IN THE SUDAN.



PRESIDING AT THE CABINET MEETING WHICH CONFIRMED HIS ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DISSOLUTION OF POLITICAL PARTIES: GENERAL NEGUIB, THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER.



"WE WILL CONTINUE OUR STRUGGLE UNTIL NOT ONE FOREIGN SOLDIER REMAINS ON EGYPTIAN SOIL": GENERAL NEGUIB ADDRESSING STUDENTS ON JANUARY 12.



APPOINTED EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON IN SUCCESSION TO MAHMOUD FAWZI: ABDEL RAHMAN HAKKI, UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ON January 12 General Neguib, the Egyptian Prime Minister, attended a ceremony at Fuad el Awal University in memory of four students killed last year in the attacks on British troops in the Canal Zone. Addressing the students, he said: "We will continue our struggle until not one foreign soldier remains on Egyptian soil. Our revolution was staged for the same purpose as the 1919 revolution—namely, to drive the Imperialists from our land." General Neguib placed wreaths on the memorial mausoleum. On January 14 it was announced that Abdel Rahman Hakki, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, would succeed Mahmoud Fawzi, the recently-appointed Foreign Minister, as Egyptian Ambassador in London. On January 17 it was reported that an attempted *coup d'état* in Egypt on the night of January 14 had been suppressed and that twenty-five Army officers, including Colonel Mehanna, a former member of the Council of Regency, had been detained for interrogation. General Neguib then announced the dissolution of all political parties and an extension of his special powers for six months.



DISTRIBUTING NECKLACES TO WOMEN OF A TRIBE IN THE SUDAN: MAJOR SALEH SALIM AND SHEIKH AHMED AL BAKURY, EGYPTIAN MINISTER OF RELIGIOUS FOUNDATIONS.



TALKING TO CHILDREN IN THE SOUTHERN SUDAN: SHEIKH AHMED AL BAKURY EGYPTIAN MINISTER OF RELIGIOUS FOUNDATIONS, WITH MAJOR SALEH SALIM, A STAFF OFFICER WHO HAS BEEN TAKING PART IN THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TALKS ON THE SUDAN.

THE words "I told you so" are apt to be irritating to listeners, but in vital matters they seldom afford pleasure to those who utter them. I have gone on saying that delays over the formation of a European Defence Community, and in particular over rendering it possible for the Federal Republic to defend itself, were likely to defeat the ends of the planners and leave them in a worse position than before they started. I know that this line of argument aroused impatience in some readers. Among my own friends and associates there were those who told me I was wrong, and that it was better to go slow than to do what might afterwards be regretted. Well, what has been done is in fact to be regretted—and it has been to go slow. The situation is so complex and influenced by so many factors that it is not easy to realise just how ugly it is becoming. I will run through as many points as occur to me and leave it to the reader to decide whether I am justified in saying, "I told you so."

The consideration which has been mainly responsible for the delays on the French side—there have, of course, also been delays on the German—has been fear that a rearmcd Western Germany may become too powerful in Western Europe. The politicians leant over the table, looking neither to right nor left, working out endless schemes whereby this danger might be avoided. Realising that things were not going well and worried about a rumbling in the distance, some who were rather more intelligent than the rest at last sat up, took off their eyeshades, and looked about them. What they saw was an unarmed Western Germany and beyond it an arming Eastern Germany. It is Eastern Germany which has got the start. About the same time the French Government fell. It has been replaced by another, which, if advance statements are to be believed, intends to parry the Western German danger and please everybody by virtually negotiating the treaty all over again. This, it appears, is to be done by a series of protocols by which control of the French Army will be reserved to France. So all these clever Frenchmen have completed the circle. Control of the French Army is reserved to France; control of the Western German Army must then be reserved to the Federal Republic. Why, Sirs, then bother about the European Defence Community or the European Army?

It has long been understood that without a Western German Army no possibility existed of a defence east of the Rhine; in other words, that Western Germany would, in the event of attack, be abandoned to her fate. (Ugly as these words look, they are, in fact, likely to be twisted into unjustifiable optimism and taken to mean that a permanent defence on the Rhine can be counted on, which is not the case.) The commanders of Allied forces in Germany and the Supreme Commander, General Ridgway, have been counting on the ratification of the treaty and the formation of a Western German Army. They have planned a defence well east of the Rhine. At the present moment, however, their plans are built on air and they could not possibly attempt to implement them. It may, indeed, prove—though I trust things are not as bad as that—that the hope has been for the time being relegated to the might-have-been.

In Western Germany the leadership of Dr. Adenauer has been bolder and distinguished by a truer sense of realities, but little more successful in creating a united opinion and policy. The Chancellor himself has been wholehearted in his fight for western solidarity in defence, to such an extent, indeed, that he is being reproached by critics in his own country with subordinating to it the hope of the reunion of Germany. That prospect has, in fact, disappeared for the time being; no one can say for how long. Dr. Adenauer's troubles have been worsened by a check which surprised public opinion outside Germany, though he himself must have been well aware that it might appear: the attitude of the Constitutional Court to the question of the legality of the treaties. From his point of view the delays are disadvantageous in more than a military sense. They weaken his position politically also. Western German Communism, which is, of course, strongly opposed to any form of defence of the West, has been ineffective so far. It may not continue to be so. On the opposite flank the Nationalists may give an equal amount of trouble or even more.

As I write, the Assembly of the European Coal and Steel Community has begun a meeting at Strasbourg. The start was not promising for British participation. British parliamentary observers were treated strictly as visitors and seated in the gallery. This may not prove as significant as it sounds, but it chills hopes of closer co-operation which Mr. Eden has been trying to arouse. Britain's position is not easy. Evidence of anxiety

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE DEFENCE OF WESTERN EUROPE TO-DAY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

about its relative isolation is to be found in the advice given by *The Times* that Britain should join the "common market" in coal, steel and scrap, and that of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery that she should after all join the European Army. It is said that the latter move is as improbable as ever. It can be taken for granted that Lord Montgomery was actuated, not by admiration for the concept of the European Army *per se*, but by the belief that things were going so badly that it represented the last resort. Supposing he is right, it will be unfortunate if this last resort should prove not to be in question.

We are too apt in our periods of crisis to attribute all setbacks in international politics to the brilliant and subtle machinations of the Communists. In the

danger lies more in cold war than a great open war. Here the comment of General Ridgway, who is clearly worried by the failure to secure, after all these years, the minimum requirements for safety, is very much to the point. He has said that in so serious a matter, in a time of such great stress, and faced with such a vast concentration of hostile power, it is foolish to base policy upon the possible immediate intentions of the holder of that power. Policy should be based upon the capabilities of the holder. General Ridgway has again and again made it clear—most solemnly at the Pilgrims' dinner, at which I heard him speak just after my return from the United States last autumn—that he is deeply disquieted and that he can give no guarantee of being able to fulfil the mission which

has been entrusted to him by the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

We have indeed made progress in certain respects. The structure of defence, while still hopelessly inadequate, is distinctly stronger than it was two years ago. Britain has taken a fine part in that revival and has cause to be proud of the troops she has provided. That is something. Yet I cannot admit that we have made any progress at all on the all-important item of German co-operation in defence. Month after month, year after year, the argument goes on, without ceasing, behind the scenes, occasionally emerging into the open, as recently at Lisbon, where the announcements were unparadoxically sanguine. Western German defence might have been from a year to eighteen months old to-day if those responsible had been able to make up their minds. Admittedly much work has been done, but what is going to be the good if, as now seems too probable, the scheme is dug up by the roots and replaced by one quite different. Far from there having been progress, it would be juster to say that there had been a retrogression because the fall of the Government of M. Pinay was largely caused by a revolt against the European Defence Community and the European Army. It has been followed by the departure from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of M. Schuman, the best friend in France of those two ideals.

I have put my points as I said I would, though I might have added others and have accorded more detail to those enumerated. I think I am justified in describing the business as a sorry spectacle. It is now nearly six years since sections of Western Europe came to the conclusion that "something must be done" about defence. It is over two-and-a-half years since the Korean aggression induced the United States to take the lead in organising it and to devote wealth and industry to its support. At the time and since, sections of American opinion have held that the policy was uneconomic for lack of the spirit on this side of the Atlantic to make it work—there they generally make an exception of the United Kingdom. Recent unofficial statements that a pact with Spain is about to be concluded may be coincidence; but it is worth while to recall that at one time American strategists regarded Spain as a more valuable and tenable foothold on the European Continent than the countries which set up the organisation of Western Union, precursor of N.A.T.O. If that view were to predominate there would have to be reconstruction with a vengeance.

Should the danger in which we stand prove to be less grave than the preparations made against us would imply, then obviously the consequences of procrastination would be less likely to be calamitous. Yet, I repeat, there is too much tendency to base policy upon speculation rather than on the very existence of these preparations and the power of quick and decisive action which they confer on their makers. I am not prepared to retract what I have written on the subject over a number of years. I should be glad to do so if I honestly could. Yet, though the losses of the locust seasons cannot be physically replaced, the possibility of atoning for them still exists. May we hope that a firmer, better-balanced and broader outlook will take the place of the irresolution and petty, parochial treatment of this problem to which we have unhappily become used?

In the article in the issue of January 10, it was stated by inadvertence that the 62nd Division of the Army of the Rhine of 1919 was transformed by the arrival of "Lowland" battalions. As the context showed, the adjective should have been "Highland."



FORMERLY A TRANSIT-POINT BETWEEN AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN SECTORS IN BERLIN (AT DÜPPEL), USED BY A DAILY AVERAGE OF ABOUT 9000 GERMANS. SINCE THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN, THIS WAY HAS BEEN CLOSED BY THE RUSSIANS AND A 6-FT. BARBED-WIRE FENCE ERECTED.



EAST GERMAN POLICE—WITH ONE EXCEPTION IN RUSSIAN-STYLE UNIFORMS—SEEKING ASYLUM AT THE WEST BERLIN POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

In his article on this page Captain Falls in referring to West European politicians, says: "What they saw (when they looked about them) was an unarmed Western Germany and beyond it an arming Eastern Germany. It is Eastern Germany which has got the start." Recent events in Berlin cast some side-lights on this situation. There has been an intensification in the flow of refugees from Eastern Germany into Western Germany or West Berlin, and these refugees include many Jews and some East Berlin police; and there has been a very considerable tightening by the Russians of the traffic between East and West Berlin, the transit-points (on January 11) being reduced to one pedestrian and five road routes. Coupled with these developments there has been great activity in East Germany: cries of sabotage to excuse a food shortage which approaches famine levels; and the beginnings of purges with a distinctly anti-Semitic flavour, to match recent Communist tactics in Czechoslovakia and in Russia itself.

present instance, however, they have had little to do with the matter. Their propaganda has been active and persistent, and they played the card of German reunion effectively last year. They have doubtless more up their sleeves. Here they have in general needed only to sit back and watch their opponents make the mistakes. While one side does so on such a scale and so persistently, temporary abstention from positive action is often the other side's best policy, just as it may pay a player of a ball game, or even a boxer, to allow his opponent to beat himself. The Communist game is being played in the impatience aroused in the United States, without whose aid Western Europe would be completely indefensible, so that it is always the Communist aim to disgust Europe with the United States and the United States with Europe. The present Chairman of the Foreign

THE SUCCESSOR OF M. PINAY AS PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE: M. RENÉ MAYER.



(ABOVE.) M. RENÉ MAYER—THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER, WHO WAS ELECTED ON JANUARY 7 AND PRESENTED HIS NEW CABINET TO THE PRESIDENT ON JANUARY 8—SEEN AT HIS HOME.

AFTER the failure of M. Bidault to form a Government, following the resignation of M. Pinay just before Christmas, the French President, M. Auriol, on December 31 called on the Socialist-Radical, M. René Mayer, to attempt to form a Cabinet. After lengthy negotiations, with especially the Socialists and the Gaullists, M. Mayer was elected by the Assembly on January 7 at 3.15 a.m. by 389 votes to 205. On January 8 he presented to M. Auriol the principal members of his Cabinet. It consists principally of Radicals, M.R.P. and a few Independents and dissident Gaullists. The Government has, however, received the promise of support, "vigilant but loyal," of the main body of Gaullists; and it is believed that this support will be reflected in M. Mayer's policy, especially as regards the European Defence Community. The chief feature of the new Cabinet is the end of M. Schuman's long tenure of the Foreign Minister's post. He has been succeeded by M. Bidault. M. Mayer has announced that he will support the European Defence Community treaty but that certain clauses will be modified.

(RIGHT.) M. MAYER AT HOME WITH MME. MAYER, AFTER HE HAD FORMED THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT. HE IS A SOCIALIST-RADICAL, HAS BEEN SEVERAL TIMES A MINISTER IN PREVIOUS GOVERNMENTS, BUT HAS BEEN OUT OF OFFICE SINCE THE END OF 1951.



ORADOUR-SUR-GLANE: A CASE WHICH REVIVES A TERRIBLE WAR MEMORY THE TRIAL OF 21 S.S. SOLDIERS CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF A FRENCH COMMUNITY



THE ONLY WOMAN TO SURVIVE THE MASSACRE OF ORADOUR-SUR-GLANE, Mme. MARGUERITE SOUFFRANC, LEAVING THE BORDEAUX RECEPTION WHICH PRECEDED THE TRIAL OF THOSE ACCUSED OF THE ATROCITY.



SURVIVORS OF THE ORADOUR MASSACRE, MAURICE BEAUBREUIL AND JOSEPH BEAUBREUIL, WHO ESCAPED BY HIDING IN THE RIVER GLANE: SEEN HERE IN THE RUINS OF THEIR FORMER HOME IN THE VILLAGE.



ROGER GODERKIN, ONE OF THE SEVEN SURVIVORS OF THE MASSACRE AT ORADOUR IN JUNE, 1944, ARRIVING AT THE MILITARY COURT FOR THE TRIAL ON JANUARY 12, 1953.

ON June 10, 1944, men of the German S.S. Division Das Reich set fire to the village of Oradour-sur-Glane, near Limoges, and shot and burnt 642 people living in it, the women and children—there were 207 children—being herded into the church, which was set on fire. Why this village was chosen for this atrocity is not known, although it has been claimed that it was a punitive action because the community refused to name thirty hostages. The massacre, brutal in itself, was accompanied by vile atrocities, some of the S.S. soldiers throwing into the crowded church phosphorus bombs and firing into the mass of huddled women and children. There were only seven or eight survivors. On January 12, 1953, before a military court at Bordeaux presided over by M. Nussy Saint-Saens, twenty-one former members of this S.S. group were brought to trial. Nine of them were Germans, twelve Alsaticans who had been forcibly enrolled in the S.S. On the opening day the counsel for the Alsaticans pleaded that they should be tried separately, as they were men acting under duress; but the following day the tribunal ruled that it could make no procedural distinction between the accused without violating the provisions of the military code. This decision has resulted in a number

(Continued below, right)



ORADOUR-SUR-GLANE, SEEN FROM THE AIR, AS IT IS TO-DAY. IT HAS INTENTIONALLY BEEN LEFT DESOLATE AS A MEMORIAL TO THE MARTYRED INHABITANTS.



(Continued)
of protests in Alsace, the President of the Departmental Assembly of Haut-Rhin, and its deputy in the National Assembly, claiming that this decision has the effect of giving legal force to the wartime decree that imposed German nationality on the population of the areas forcibly incorporated in the Reich after

(LEFT) THE BURNT-OUT SHELL OF ORADOUR CHURCH, IN WHICH THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE MASSACRED. THE NOTICE READS: "IT IS PROHIBITED TO ENTER THE RUINS. RESPECT THE MARTYR'S SILENCE."

(RIGHT) A TYPICAL MEMORIAL "TRAIT OF THE JUNE FAMILY, ALL OF WHOM PERISHED IN THE MASSACRE OF JUNE 10, 1944. IT ENDS: "WE SHALL NEVER FORGET"



A VIEW OF THE BORDEAUX COURTROOM, IN WHICH THE FORMER S.S. MEN WHO COMMITTED THE ORADOUR ATROCITY WERE TRIED BEFORE A MILITARY COURT. IN THE CENTRE IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRIBUNAL, M. NUSSY SAINT-SAENS. THE GERMAN ACCUSED ARE ON THE RIGHT, THE ALSATIANS, LEFT.



DURING THE ORADOUR TRIAL THE NINE GERMAN ACCUSED CAN BE SEEN FACING THE CAMERA ON THE LEFT; WITH, ON THE RIGHT, ELEVEN OF THE TWELVE ALSATIANS, FORCIBLY ENROLLED IN THE S.S., WHO ARE LIKEWISE CHARGED WITH TAKING PART IN THE ATROCITY.

(Continued)
the fall of France in 1940. Since the massacre, Oradour has been left untouched as a grim memorial. When the truth about the atrocity was learnt after the war,

the Government of West Germany offered to rebuild Oradour; but this offer was declined by the French Government.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE natural habitat of goats is the rugged mountain-side, where they are the most sure-footed of beasts. This can be readily seen, without the labour of climbing up into their natural haunts, on the artificial crags of the Mappin Terrace at the London Zoo. And in the highlands of Scotland and the mountains of Wales, as well as elsewhere in the world, where the domesticated goat has gone wild, there is a natural tendency to go upwards, into the higher ground. Whether it is part of the same natural urge or no, the fact remains that kids seem addicted to the habit of jumping on the backs of older goats, or other animals, in a game of pick-a-back. Travelling pick-a-back is not, however, so very unusual. Egrets, herons, ox-peckers, cow-birds, are given habitually to travelling on the backs of big game. Many reliable records are available of birds carrying their own young on their backs, and the same is true for a number of mammals, such as koalas, opossums, monkeys, tamanduas and the like. But in all these the passenger has either toes or a tail for clinging. With kids it is a matter of sheer balance to avoid becoming "unseated." A fully-grown goat has even been known to stand on the back of a donkey in order to browse the leaves of a tree, otherwise out of reach, standing on its hind-feet and stretching up at full length to the leaves.

I ought not to have been surprised, then, to see the photograph of the Moroccan goats up in trees. It was in an illustrated tourist guide, and was shown me by a friend recently returned from a stay in Morocco. Through the courtesy of M. R. Chagneau, of the Office Marocain du Tourisme, I am able to reproduce the picture here. One's first reaction to seeing something new, in these days of extensive recorded knowledge, is that it is probably well known, and that this particular piece of information "just hasn't come my way before," and I was inclined to dismiss this as something new to me, but probably commonplace otherwise. Having shown this picture to a dozen zoologist friends, including several mammalogists, however, and having found it was new to them, the next step was to search the literature. This resulted in one reference only to this habit—though I am quite sure there must be others I have missed—that "the goats in Java that browse along the galangans between the rice fields . . . do not hesitate to climb a tree to find something to eat." ("Animal Breeding," by A. L. Hagedoorn.) This may help to explain something I had not previously understood. The island of San Diego, in the Pacific, was described by early voyagers to it as an earthly paradise. In the eighteenth century, goats were released on the island to provide a supply of meat for whalers. In time, their numbers increased to 40,000, with the result that, except for a few bushes overhanging the cliffs, the vegetation was destroyed, and with it the birds and other animal life dependent upon it. Presumably these goats were given to climbing trees too.

Carrying the story further, the next astonishing thing to emerge is the persistence of tricks of behaviour from the wild ancestors after so many generations of domestication. In this case, it is a predilection for ascending into inaccessible places, whether it be mountain-tops, the back of a donkey or another

TREE-CLIMBING GOATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

goat, or the branches of a tree. Goats were domesticated at least as early as the prehistoric Swiss lake-dwellings, nearly 5000 years ago, yet, in spite of the changes they must have undergone, this trait can emerge readily even in the still domesticated breeds.

The next point for reflection is the very fine sense of balance the behaviour implies, especially when goats are seen walking out on slender branches, a Blondin-act

civilised human has largely lost the faculty for balance. It is one of the major reasons why so many people bump into each other when walking along crowded pavements, when a swerve of an inch or two by the two parties to the collision would have obviated a crash and the subsequent loss of temper. Acrobats, jugglers and trapeze artists have spent long hours in maintaining and further developing this sense of balance. Boxers need it to a high degree. Those that habitually carry loads on their heads can boast it. This leads us to ask whether it is indeed a special sense, a gift, so to speak, or whether it is one that can be cultivated; or even whether it is a sense at all.

Within the inner ears of the higher animals are semi-circular canals, forming a series of spirit-levels. These tell us when we are off balance, but the maintenance of balance is the result of muscle control and muscle co-ordination, both of which are natural to us, are with us in early infancy, but are steadily lost to us by incorrect postural habits arising from the artificial environment man has created for himself. Incorrect habits, especially of sitting, standing and walking, silence the warnings of the semi-circular canals, dis-coordinate the control of the muscles and inculcate an unconscious sense—that is, feeling—of disbalance, so that we are amazed when anything human, or animal, displays a facility for balance which is, in effect, no more than our own birthright.

After studying the more baffling problems of animal behaviour and animal senses, one is inclined to ask whether we are severely handicapped by similar deficiencies in other spheres of sensory perceptions. In some instances we are probably examining or seeking to understand behaviour arising from senses we may never ourselves have possessed. In others, it is more likely that senses or sense-co-ordinations are being used which primitive man, in common with the beasts of the field, possessed and which we have now lost. And balance is almost certainly one of these.

Even among animals this co-ordination of muscle control seems to reach a higher degree in some species than in others. Seals, from the very nature of their fish-

like habits, need to be particularly well-endowed. Wild goats, leaping among the crags, with the smallest of footholds, require a similar skill, although the demands of everyday life are somewhat different. And yet it is doubtful whether there is really anything exceptional in the performances of these two particular beasts. Squirrels have already been mentioned, but one can think of a whole row of other examples. Dormice climbing among bushes, woodmice taking leaps into bushes and running from twig to twig, the antics of the house mouse or, for that matter, rats, all compel admiration. And to watch small birds perched on swaying telegraph-wires in a high wind—through binoculars at close quarters for the full effect—is a revelation in the constant working of muscle control for the full maintenance of equilibrium under difficulties. Presumably, therefore, while the impulse in goats to climb may be an inheritance from wild ancestors, the fact that domestication has not robbed them of the fine sense of balance merely means that it is something inherent in at least the higher animals, but which man, especially civilised man, for one reason or another, has lost.



THE TREE-CLIMBING GOATS OF MOROCCO: A PROBABLY LITTLE-KNOWN ASPECT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF THESE SURE-FOOTED ANIMALS WHICH IS DISCUSSED IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

This photograph, published in an illustrated tourist's guide to Morocco, was recently shown to Dr. Burton, to whom this aspect of the goats' behaviour was new. On consulting a number of zoologist friends he found that it was also new to them and this led him to further research into the matter. The goats in the tree are indicated by arrows, and it may seem incredible that these animals, although sure-footed, have been able to balance themselves on such slender branches and to climb to such a height.

Photograph by J. Belin; reproduced by Courtesy of the Director of the Office Marocain du Tourisme.

for purposes of browsing. One can but express wonder at it, without understanding it, just as visitors to a circus sit in enthralled admiration at the balancing feats of the sea-lions. Or, wandering through the woods, we see a squirrel travelling so gracefully and surely through the tree-tops. Most of us experience this same almost open-mouthed amazement as we see men at work on roofs, steeples or girder-constructions, particularly when we see them running like cats along a foot-wide girder or narrow brick parapet a hundred feet up from the ground. The adult

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

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LOOKING BACK ON EVEREST: THE END OF THE SECOND SWISS ATTEMPT.



RUFFETED BY THE VIOLENT WIND ON THE SOUTH COL ON NOVEMBER 19: TENSING (LEFT; WEARING OXYGEN MASK) AND LAMBERT SEEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY REISS WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE FEARFUL CONDITIONS AND THE INTENSE COLD.



THE THREE MEN WHO REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT ON EVEREST DURING THE SECOND SWISS ATTEMPT: (L. TO R.) ERNST REISS, RAYMOND LAMBERT AND THE SHERPA TENSING. THE GALE AND TEMPERATURE OF ABOUT 40 DEG. BELOW ZERO FORCED THEM TO RETREAT.

FIRST reports, which proved inaccurate, of the second Swiss attempt on Everest (see our issue of December 13) indicated that the climbers failed by about 200 ft. in their bid to conquer the 29,002 ft. peak of the world's highest mountain. Now the full story of the climber's enforced retreat at an altitude of about 26,575 ft. (1,530 ft. below the record set up by the first Swiss expedition earlier last year) has been told by Dr. G. Chevalley, leader of the expedition. As in the earlier attempt, Raymond Lambert, an Alpine guide from Geneva, and the Sherpa Tensing reached the greatest height on the second expedition. But on this occasion they were accompanied by Ernst Reiss, an air mechanic from Davos. On November 19 these men set up their tents, Camp VIII, above the South Col. On the following day they left in the direction of the south-east arête to establish Camp IX. They moved slowly in the teeth of a 70 m.p.h. gale and a temperature of 35 to 40 deg. below zero. At about 26,575 ft. they found it was impossible to climb higher in such conditions and Lambert said that if they had persisted in the attempt there would have been deaths on the South Col.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."



RESTING ON A BOULDER BEFORE THE FINAL ASCENT: ERNST REISS WHO, WITH THE SHERPA TENSING AND RAYMOND LAMBERT, REACHED A HEIGHT OF ABOUT 26,575 FT. BEFORE THE GALE AND INTENSE COLD OBLIGED THEM TO RETREAT.

THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA: FRENCH UNION TROOPS IN THE RED RIVER DELTA.



WAITING TO BE FERRIED TO THE SHORE IN SMALL ASSAULT BOATS: ONE OF THE FRENCH UNION MOBILE GROUPS ABOARD A L.S.T. OFF THE RED RIVER DELTA.

(ABOVE.)
DISEMBARKING FROM A L.S.T. INTO A L.C.T. IN PREPARATION FOR A SURPRISE LANDING IN THE RED RIVER DELTA: FRENCH UNION TROOPS TAKING PART IN "OPERATION BRETAGNE."

AT the beginning of December French Union forces, numbering about 15,000 men, were launched into "Operation Bretagne," designed to clear the southern part of the Red River Delta of Viet Minh elements which had infiltrated through the French lines. The fourth phase of this operation closed a few weeks ago, with the following results: 1045 Viet Minh troops killed, 263 prisoners taken, 1600 suspects held for interrogation, and 500 rifles and about 100 automatic or heavy weapons captured. There has been severe fighting in the Red River Delta, and the French Union troops have found themselves matched with regular units of Viet Minh, but have had the advantage of air cover and reconnaissance. French fighter and bomber support of the mobile groups has been invaluable, and advantage has been taken of the mobility conferred by sea transport. On these pages we illustrate a recent operation in which a mobile group was transported in landing-craft and taken ashore near Van Ly in assault boats to complete the encirclement of Viet Minh forces.

(Continued opposite.)



OCCUPYING AN IMPORTANT VILLAGE TO THE SOUTH OF BUI CHU: FRENCH UNION TROOPS IN THEIR ADVANCE INLAND FROM VAN LY, WHICH LED TO THE ENCIRCLEMENT OF SEVERAL REGULAR UNITS OF VIET MINH WHICH HAD INFILTRATED INTO THE DELTA AREA.



INSPECTING THE FRENCH UNION LINES: GENERAL HENRI DE BERCHOUX ACCOMPANIED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL DE FONCLARE, COMMANDING MOBILE GROUP I.



INSTALLED NEAR A STRONG-POINT AND WITH A LANDING-GROUND FOR THE LIGHT AIRCRAFT USED FOR RECONNAISSANCE: THE HEADQUARTERS OF A FRENCH UNION MOBILE GROUP.

AN AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION AGAINST VIET MINH: A PHASE OF "OPERATION BRETAGNE."



REGROUPING ON THE BEACH AT VAN LY AFTER LANDING IN SMALL ASSAULT BOATS: FRENCH AND VIETNAMESE TROOPS PREPARING TO MOVE INTO THE INTERIOR.



FIRING ON ENCIRCLED VIET MINH REGULAR TROOPS AFTER THE LANDING AT VAN LY: FRENCH ARTILLERY IN ACTION DURING "OPERATION BRETAGNE," DESIGNED TO CLEAR REBEL ELEMENTS FROM THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE RED RIVER DELTA.



SEARCHING MARSHLAND FOR ARMS DISCARDED BY THE ROUTED VIET MINH TROOPS WHO, DRESSED IN CIVILIAN CLOTHING, TRIED TO MINGLE WITH THE LOCAL POPULATION: FRENCH UNION TROOPS ENSURE THAT WEAPONS ARE NOT AVAILABLE TO REBELS OVERLOOKED IN THE ADVANCE.

Continued.
The latter were driven back, and many of the troops abandoned their arms and put on civilian clothing in the hope of avoiding capture by mingling with the local population. It was reported on January 12 that the Viet Minh Council of Ministers had decided to enlarge and re-equip the Viet Minh forces in preparation for a general counter-offensive, and that the prime task for this year is the consolidation of the National United front, land reform, the reorganisation of peasant associations and the consolidation of the newly-won areas in Tongking. The French, on the other hand, are intensifying the "economic warfare" which has been proceeding for several months, and which takes the form of denying to the enemy, by means of air-bombardment, the use of the irrigation systems on which the cultivation of rice depends. On January 12 thirty-two fighter aircraft attacked and destroyed a pumping station near Thai-Nguyen, north of Hanoi, and recently a force of French bombers attacked a large irrigation barrage in the province of Than-Hoa.



ADVANCING ACROSS AN OPEN SPACE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE: A FRENCH PATROL MOVING FORWARD, WITH OTHER TROOPS (LEFT) READY TO PROVIDE COVERING FIRE.



INTERROGATING TWO VIET MINH PRISONERS BROUGHT IN BY A PATROL: FRENCH OFFICERS TRYING TO OBTAIN INFORMATION ABOUT THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS.



A SUPREME CHALLENGE TO MAN'S ENDEAVOUR: THE SUMMIT AND SOUTHERN WALL OF EVEREST, AS PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS FROM THE RAMPARTS OF PUMORI.
For further photographs and a description of the recent Swiss Expedition see page 119. Photograph by arrangement with "The Times."

THE BRITISH-TRAINED SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE SOLDIERS OF THE CONDOMINIUM WHOSE FUTURE IS A CAUSE OF ANGLO-EGYPTIAN DISPUTE AND PROLONGED DISCUSSION.



VETERANS AND RECRUITS OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE, IN WHICH DEFENCE OF THE CONDOMINIUM IS VESTED: A SERGEANT-MAJOR, A SERGEANT AND TWO RECRUITS.



WITH A DRUMMER TO SET THE TIME: MEN OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE DOING THEIR DAILY PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE COOL OF THE EARLY MORNING ON THE SANDY PARADE GROUND.



USING FLAG AND HELIO SIGNALS, WHICH ARE STILL OF PRACTICAL VALUE IN THE SEMI-DESERT COUNTRY WHERE THEY OPERATE: SIGNALERS OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE WORKING WITH ARTILLERY.



DRAWING THEIR BAYONETS WHEN CARRIED IN THE FIGHTING PATROL POSITION: A NEAR VIEW OF TWO MEMBERS OF THE INFANTRY UNIT OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE.



INSTRUCTION AT A SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE TRAINING-CAMP: THE CLASS IS LISTENING TO A DEMONSTRATION AND EXPLANATION OF THE BOFOR'S GUN.



A MORTAR DETACHMENT IN ACTION: A PHOTOGRAPH OF MEN OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE TAKEN DURING AN EXERCISE IN THE DESERT TRAINING-GROUNDS.



OPERATING A MODERN ARTILLERY PIECE: MEN OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE DURING AN EXERCISE. MANY BEAR TRIBAL SCAR-MARKS ON THEIR FACES.



HEADQUARTERS OF SIGNALS OF THE SUDAN DEFENCE FORCE: MOST OF THE WORK IS DONE BY SUDANESE, WHO OPERATE ALL THE LATEST EQUIPMENT OF LINE AND RADIO BY KEY AND SPEECH.

The Sudan, which extends from the frontier of Egypt south to Uganda and the Belgian Congo, was conquered by the Khedive Mahomet Ali in 1850. After the Mahdist revolt of 1885, Egyptian sovereignty was lost. The country was later reconquered by a joint Anglo-Egyptian force and the Condominium established. This arrangement was reaffirmed in the Treaty of 1936, which Egypt has unilaterally

abrogated, after having, in 1946, 1950 and 1951, refused to discuss British proposals for a settlement; but when discussions began between General Neguib and the British Ambassador in Cairo last year, it was hoped that a settlement by which the Sudan would move towards constitutional self-government would be arranged. But last week discussions seemed to have reached deadlock. The Foreign Office had

received the text of the agreement signed between the Egyptian delegation and representatives of the four chief political parties in the Sudan. One of the points at issue remained the question of the Governor-General's powers in the South. A Section is stated to provide for the withdrawal of British and Egyptian military forces from the Sudan before the election of the Constituent Assembly, which will

decide the future of the country as laid down in the Egyptian Note. The defence of the Sudan is vested in the British-trained Sudan Defence Force, officered by British officers seconded from the Regular Army, and by Sudanese native officers. Its British commander is an *ex-officio* member of the Executive Council. The force consists of a number of independent corps recruited on a territorial basis.

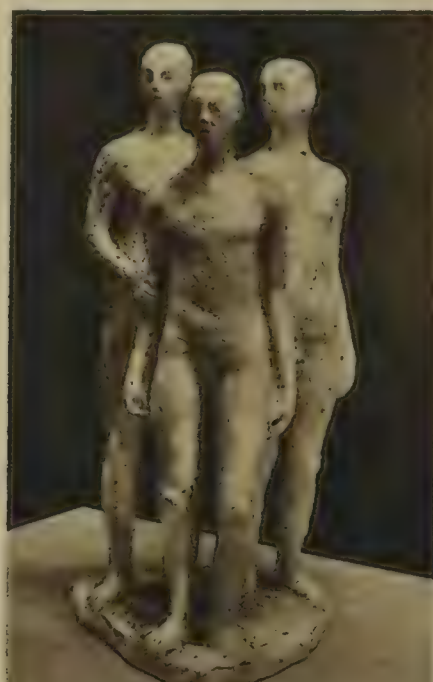
"A POLITICAL PRISONER" BY MODERN SCULPTORS: PRIZE-WINNING MODELS.



SELECTED TO REPRESENT BRITAIN IN THE INTERNATIONAL SCULPTURE COMPETITION ON THE THEME "AN UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER"; MR. STUART OSBORNE'S MODEL.



ON VIEW AT THE NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES WITH THE OTHERS AWARDED PRIZE MONEY AND "UNPLACED" ENTRIES: MR. D. WAIN HOBSON'S "UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER."



A THREE-FIGURE GROUP SYMBOLIZING AN "UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER" FOR THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION: MR. JACK L. WALDRON'S ENTRY, AWARDED PRIZE MONEY.



GENUINELY TRAGIC IN FEELING: MISS ELIZABETH FRINK'S ENTRY. SHE IS ONE OF THE FEW "HUMANIST SCULPTORS" REPRESENTED IN THE WINNING GROUP.



INTENDED TO SYMBOLIZE "AN UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER," AND SELECTED FOR A PRIZE AWARD: MR. TREVOR BATES' "BIRDLIKE" FORM.



DESCRIBED BY "THE TIMES" ART CRITIC AS "RATHER MORE SUGGESTIVE OF A PRICKLY PEAR" THAN USUAL: MR. LYNN CHADWICK'S "UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER."



SUGGESTIVE OF A GROUP OF GNARLED TREE-TRUNKS: MISS LOUISE HUTCHINSON'S MAQUETTE, ONE OF THE WINNING TWELVE WHICH HAVE EACH BEEN AWARDED PRIZE MONEY OF £25.



SUGGESTING VIOLENCE AND CRUELTY: MR. EDWARD MCWILLIAM'S ENTRY FOR THE FINAL, AT WHICH PRIZE MONEY UP TO £11,500 WILL BE DISTRIBUTED.



NOT BRICKS FOR CONSTRUCTING A MODEL HOUSE: MR. EDUARDO PAOLOZZI'S "AN UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER."



MR. REG. BUTLER'S MODEL: AN IRON CAGE SYMBOLIZING "AN UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER."



UNDOUBTEDLY GIVING A TRAGIC EFFECT: "THE UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER"; BY ARTHUR WYLLIE.



THE PRISONER (CENTRE) FLANKED BY TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE: MISS BARBARA HEPWORTH'S ART FORMS AS A HUMAN AND TRAGIC SUBJECT.

The twelve maquettes on the theme "An Unknown Political Prisoner" selected as British entries for the International Sculpture Competition to be held at the Tate Gallery in March; and awarded £25 prize money each, demonstrate how "modern" taste has released art from enforced association with factual representation. As *The Times* wrote, the theme "might be thought one of extraordinary difficulty for artists who have so far made their name—as several of the prize-

winners have—by alluding only in the most remote and delicate fashion, if at all, to the existence of human beings." Mr. Reg. Butler has solved the problem by making an iron cage. The judges were Sir P. Hendy, Director National Gallery; Sir L. Ashton, Director V. and A. Museum; Mr. Philip James, Art Director, Arts Council, and Mr. H. D. Molesworth, V. and A. Museum. The Institute of Contemporary Arts is exhibiting the winning maquettes at the New Burlington Galleries.

THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S CENTENARY: OFFICIALS AND PATRONS.



THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY: SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, WHO WAS ELECTED AT THE INAUGURAL MEETING ON JANUARY 20, 1853, AND SERVED UNTIL 1855—THE TRADITIONAL ANNUAL PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS WAS INITIATED IN 1892.



THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S FIRST PATRONS: QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY ROGER FENTON IN 1854.
Reproduced by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY: ROGER FENTON, THE FAMOUS CRIMEAN WAR PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO WAS HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE WHICH MET IN 1852 AND CONVENED THE INAUGURAL MEETING AT WHICH HE WAS ELECTED TO OFFICE.



THE FIRST PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS COUNTRY: "SOIRÉE OF PHOTOGRAPHERS, IN THE GREAT ROOM OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS"—AN EVENT WHICH TOOK PLACE IN DECEMBER, 1853, SHORTLY BEFORE THE INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—(From "The Illustrated London News," January 1, 1853.)

ON January 20 the Royal Photographic Society celebrated the centenary of its inauguration with a dinner at Claridge's Hotel which their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arranged to attend. The occasion is also being marked by a programme of lectures and exhibitions throughout the year and a number of associated events in Scotland and the provinces. The Royal Photographic Society, the oldest of its kind, owes its inception to Fox Talbot's gift to the public of his inventions in July, 1852, which reduced the cost of photography and put it within the reach of the amateur of moderate means. In the spring and autumn of the same year a Provisional Committee, of which the famous Crimean War photographer, Roger Fenton, was honorary secretary, met and decided to convene a public meeting to inaugurate the Photographic Society. In December the first photographic exhibition in this country was held in the Great Room of the Society of Arts at which Roger Fenton read a paper "On the

(Continued opposite.)



THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY: MR. J. D. WRATTEN, F.R.P.S., HON. F.B.K.S.

Continued.] Present Position and Future Prospects of the Art of Photography." On January 1, 1853, an announcement appeared in the daily newspapers, and in *The Illustrated London News* of January 15, inviting those interested in photography to attend a public meeting at the Society of Arts on January 20. At this meeting the Society was founded, and as Fox Talbot had found it impossible to take the chair, Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, who had played a prominent part in the negotiations over Fox Talbot's patents, was invited and was duly elected the first President of the Photographic Society. He served in this capacity until 1855, when he was appointed to the newly-created post of Director of the National Gallery. The inaugural meeting also elected Roger Fenton as Secretary of the Society. On May 30 of the same year her Majesty Queen Victoria and H.R.H. the Prince Albert became the Society's first Patrons and visited the first exhibition held by the Society in December, 1853. H.M. Queen Elizabeth II. granted her Patronage to the Society on June 3, 1952.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

ONE MAN'S TASTE.

By FRANK DAVIS.



WE have long been used to exhibitions of Chinese pottery and porcelain which are composed of items belonging to many owners—exhibitions designed to illustrate the style of a particular period of time, and in which the most careful and meticulous scholarship takes pains to ensure that every phase of the subject is illustrated and that nothing relevant is missing. Such shows—and there have been many, in addition to the permanent exhibitions in the museums—are of the greatest interest even to those who, unlike myself, look at such things with the lack of enthusiasm I should feel if I were asked to judge a suet-pudding competition at a village institute. The Arts Council has staged an exhibition no less distinguished than others which have from time to time been the subject of a note on this page, but the approach has been different. We are invited to enjoy—or to detest, if we are built that way—not a series of pots gathered from many sources for a special occasion, but the choice of a single individual as he built up his collection, and to share with him something of the fun he must have had over many years. This, I think, gives the show a special quality, and if we should—which is surely inevitable—find ourselves racked with envy before we are half-way round, that will merely prove that we know a good thing when we see it.

The pieces—sixty-nine of them—have been lent by Sir Alan Barlow, the President of the Oriental Ceramics Society. I was lucky enough to see them one afternoon at 4, St. James's Square, and they will in due course go "on circuit." Here are the places and dates: Bolton, February 14 to March 7; Birmingham, March 14 to April 4; Newcastle, April 11 to May 2; Norwich, May 9 to 30; Southampton, June 6 to 27. If you expect brilliant colours from an exhibition labelled Chinese, you will in this case be disappointed. These are early pieces from the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618-906) to the Yüan Dynasty (1260-1368)—that is, when the potter's craft was beginning, not in its high summer. There is colour, and in abundance, but the tones are limited and the range narrow, but only half an eye is required to appreciate their subtleties, and no eye at all to enjoy their shapes. I must plead guilty to some degree of fanaticism in these matters, for when I look at the vase of Fig. 4 here, I see in it the fires of spring, the mellow golden light of autumn—and love and death, and much more besides if you had patience to hear it—but you have not, so, dragging myself down to ground-level from the empyrean, I beg to state that the material is buff stoneware covered with a black glaze, with orange-brown markings of bird and leaf shapes;

the time, between A.D. 960 and 1127, the Dynasty, Northern Sung—and how banal that accurate description sounds!—for the black is the black of rook's feathers when the sunshine gleams upon them, the orange-brown the russet of fallen beech leaves on a frosty morning, the design apparently brushed in with a wing-tip by a careless archangel as he left for a holiday on the far shores of the Pleiades.

Besides this vase, the product, surely, of long years of experiment allied to a sensitive temperament, the other pieces, however elegant or sturdy or

celadons—is represented by several examples, of which Fig. 3 is especially striking both for its graceful form and for its incised floral decoration. The glaze is invariably referred to as white, though to me a warm cream would be a more accurate description, and it is interesting to compare it with the other white glaze of the period, known as Ying Ch'ing, or "shadowy-blue." It is impossible to indicate the difference by

means of photographs, but there can be no mistake when you see the two types together; when seen against the light the blue tinge is very clear, and when there is an incised pattern, the nuances of tone are extraordinarily delicate.

The taste of various centuries is not a matter for approval or disapproval; we may think it odd that Archbishop Warham should put a silver mount on his celadon, we may think it not quite genteel that the T'ang Dynasty potters, probably in the sixth century, should make a water dropper in the form of a frog in a grey-green glaze (Yüeh ware No. 11. in the catalogue). Still more odd to us is the fact that the "shadowy-blue" glaze which we admire so much was not apparently considered worth inclusion in the Imperial collection. One theory, by the way, which has been advanced to account for the difference in tone between the Ting type glazes and the "shadowy-blue" is that the kilns in which the former were made in Northern China were fired by coal, while the use of wood in Southern China tended to produce cool

bluish or greenish tones. Of a dozen or so specimens from the earlier T'ang Dynasty, Fig. 1, olive-green glaze over slight hatching, seems to me, with its two loop handles—as satisfactory a shape as one can imagine—a much finer thing than the apple-green vase with the flaring mouth, which we illustrate in Fig. 2; what is so interesting is to realise that experiments in coloured glazes were being carried out as early as the sixth century, that, in fact, the history of Chinese ceramics, part of which is the story of the gradual conquest of colour, began so long ago, and led up to the extreme refinement of later objects in the exhibition.

I have perhaps one small criticism, not of the pieces, but of the presentation. The exhibition is intended to appeal to a very wide public. The catalogue is perfectly suited to those who are fairly well acquainted with this vast and fascinating subject; it is liable to seem rather formidable to others. One other type must be mentioned, because it seems to belong to a more robust world than the majority of the wares of the Sung period—a ware which derives its effects from vigorous drawing, black or brown on a stone-coloured ground, rather than on the delicate refinement of the glazes. This is Tz'ü-Chou ware. One piece (Fig. 5) is especially fine—a high-shouldered vase with a small mouth, designed to hold a single spray of prunus blossom, decorated austere with floral sprays in black under a colourless glaze.



FIG. 1. PROBABLY SIXTH CENTURY: A PORCELLANEOUS OVOID JAR WITH TWO LOOP HANDLES COVERED WITH AN OLIVE-GREEN GLAZE OVER SLIGHT HATCHING. YÜEH-YAO OF CHIU-YEN. HEIGHT 5 INS.

This jar, one of a dozen or so specimens from the earlier T'ang Dynasty "... olive-green glaze over slight hatching, seems to me, with its two loop handles, as satisfactory a shape as one can imagine."



FIG. 2. WITH APPLE-GREEN GLAZE OVER A WHITE SLIP: A POTTERY VASE WITH LONG NECK ENDING IN A FLARING MOUTH. T'ANG DYNASTY. HEIGHT 9 INS.

"... the really significant features of the T'ang wares are to be found in the brilliance of the coloured glazes applied over a white slip. ... These glazes in which the colouring matter is a powdered mineral were made in a greater range of colour than had hitherto been attempted," writes Mr. Basil Gray in the foreword to the Exhibition catalogue

both, look a trifle ordinary, rare though they are, but ordinary only in the sense that their shapes have long been familiar, partly, of course, from later and particularly eighteenth-century imitations. Indeed, it requires a distinct effort of the imagination to put oneself back in time and realise with what astonishment they were regarded when first some of them—I am thinking mainly of the celadon pieces—reached the Middle East and, in one or two cases, Western Europe.

No wonder that after an Austrian Archduke had made a present to him of a celadon bowl, Archbishop Warham provided a Tudor mount for it before bequeathing it to New College,



FIG. 3. WITH AN INCISED FLORAL DESIGN UNDER A WHITE GLAZE: A TING WARE PORCELAIN BOTTLE WITH SPHERICAL BODY, HIGH SPYLED FOOT AND LONG NECK WITH SHARPLY EVERTED LIP. HEIGHT 9½ INS.

The glaze on Ting ware, probably the best-known of Sung Dynasty wares after the celadons, "is invariably referred to as white, though to me a warm cream would be a more accurate description." This bottle and the other objects illustrated are included in the Arts Council Loan Exhibition of Chinese Ceramics from Sir Alan Barlow's collection, discussed on this page.



FIG. 4. COVERED WITH A BLACK GLAZE WITH ORANGE-BROWN MARKINGS OF BIRD AND LEAF SHAPES: AN OVIFORM VASE OF BUFF STONWARE WITH SMALL MOUTH AND GROOVED NECK. NORTHERN SUNG (A.D. 960-1127). HEIGHT 7½ INS.

"... the black is the black of rook's feathers when the sunshine gleams upon them, the orange-brown the russet of fallen beech leaves on a frosty morning, the design apparently brushed in with a wing-tip by a careless archangel..." writes Frank Davis of this vase.

Oxford, in 1530—obviously so rare and precious a material demanded a mount of precious metal. And no wonder legends grew up about the virtues of celadon, notably that current for generations in India, which said that such dishes changed colour if poisoned food was placed in them, a very useful sales' slogan in certain areas. Of the white glazes, the ware called Ting—possibly the best-known of Sung Dynasty wares after the

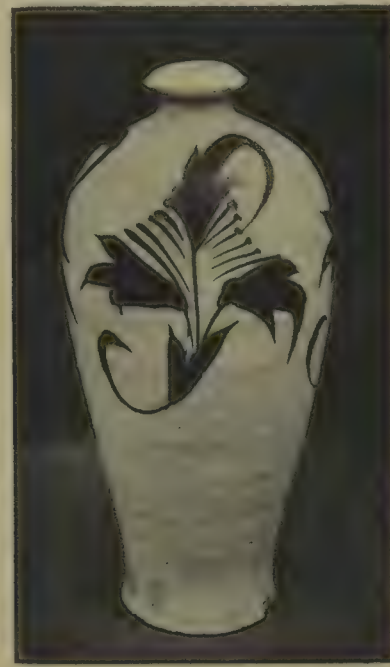


FIG. 5. OF STONWARE PAINTED WITH FLORAL SPRAYS IN BLACK UNDER A COLOURLESS GLAZE: A VASE OF THE TZ'Ü-CHOU TYPE, SUNG DYNASTY. This particularly fine example of Tz'ü-chou ware, a high-shouldered vase with a small mouth, is "designed to hold a single spray of prunus blossom. It is decorated austere with floral sprays in black under a colourless glaze." It is 9½ ins. in height.

belong to a more robust world than the majority of the wares of the Sung period—a ware which derives its effects from vigorous drawing, black or brown on a stone-coloured ground, rather than on the delicate refinement of the glazes. This is Tz'ü-Chou ware. One piece (Fig. 5) is especially fine—a high-shouldered vase with a small mouth, designed to hold a single spray of prunus blossom, decorated austere with floral sprays in black under a colourless glaze.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: NOTABLE RECENT ACQUISITIONS.



"THE REV. ROBERT WALKER, D.D."; BY SIR HENRY RAE BURN (1756-1823). THE MINISTER OF THE CANONGATE KIRK, EDINBURGH, IS DEPICTED SKATING ON DUDDINGSTON LOCH. (29 by 24 ins.)



"MRS. DANIEL CUNYNGHAM"; BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784). AN EARLY WORK, PROBABLY PAINTED C. 1739. (93 by 57½ ins.)



"GEORGE BRISTOW"; BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784). SIGNED AND DATED 1750. (49 by 39 ins.)

NOTABLE additions have been made to the collection of the National Gallery of Scotland since the publication of the last catalogue. One, "The Ladies Waldegrave," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was illustrated in our issue of December 27, 1952, and on this page we reproduce a selection of other recent acquisitions. The skating portrait by Raeburn is an unusual example of his work. The whole scheme of the black-clothed Minister against a wintry landscape is brought to life by two small notes of red in the bindings of the skates and their echo in the skater's glowing cheeks. The Rubens' head of St. Ambrose is a vigorously-painted finished study for the head of the principal figure in "St. Ambrose Refusing the Emperor Theodosius Admission to the Church at Milan," at Vienna. The El Greco is the painter's first experiment in a *Salvator Mundi* of this design. The portrait of Mrs. Lawrie by William McTaggart is an interesting portrait by the Scottish follower of the Impressionists, best known for his landscapes. The Wilkie of "The Irish Whisky Still" was reproduced in *The Illustrated London News* in 1951, when it was shown at the "First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy." When acquired by the National Gallery of Scotland it was disfigured by dirty varnish, but cleaning has revealed it as one of Wilkie's finer achievements.

(RIGHT.) "THE IRISH WHISKY STILL"; BY SIR DAVID WILKIE (1785-1841). DATED 1840, AND SHOWN AT THE R.A. IN THAT YEAR. IT WAS EXHIBITED IN 1951 AT THE "FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY." (47 by 62 ins.)



"SALVATOR MUNDI"; BY DOMINICO THEOTOCOPULI, CALLED EL GRECO. (C. 1545-1614), PROBABLY PAINTED IN THE LATE 1590'S. (28½ by 22½ ins.)



"MRS. LAWRIE"; BY WILLIAM MCTAGGART (1835-1910), DATED 1881. PRESENTED BY MME. VIOLANTE LAWRIE. (36 by 24 ins.)



"HEAD OF ST. AMBROSE"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). A GLOWING AND VIGOROUSLY PAINTED CANVAS. (19 by 14 ins.)

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WANTED.—*Tschihatchewia isatidea*. "This beautiful Alpine is a native of Asia Minor, perfectly hardy, and not particular as to soil or situation, but prefers growing

among rocks. From a tuft of spatulate, oblong leaves, which is formed in the first year, appear the flowers in the second season; the leaves are dark green, thickly beset with shining, silky hairs, from amongst which rises the thumb-thick flower-stalk, showing a combined thyrus of syringa-like, bright, rosy-lilac flowers, which are fragrant like vanilla. The bunch is over a foot across, and is in great beauty throughout the month of May."

"LOVED LONG SINCE."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

hardy. Was introduced in 1893 from Armenia, and was figured in the "Botanical Magazine," 7608. One can not get away from that, and the information that it is a hardy perennial disposes of a theory that I had toyed with, that perhaps *Tschihatchewia* was a biennial, or at any rate monocarpic and, having been introduced as seed, had flowered here once, and failed to produce seed in captivity and so had been lost. It's all very difficult and tiresome, and tantalising. In fact, a plant-collecting expedition to Armenia is clearly indicated.

Whoever goes to get *Tschihatchewia* might stop off on the way to collect another lost plant, *Viola gracilis*, whose home appears to be the Bithynian Olympus, near Bursa, in Asia Minor. I do not remember exactly when this *Viola* came into cultivation, but it was at the height of its popularity in the years just before the First World War; and somehow or other it disappeared in, I should say, the early '20s. That was a horticultural calamity of the first magnitude. It really was. It was a supremely good plant, both for the rock-garden as well as for more general purposes. Easy to grow, and easy to propagate from cuttings, it formed dense mats of rich, evergreen foliage, and for months on end was sheeted with myriads of elegant blossoms of a deep, pure violet, each with a small, clear, snow-white eye. The trouble which led to the final total loss to gardens of this grand *Viola* was, I think, that it was too matey. It seemed to form alliances with every other *Viola* in the garden, and the love-children which resulted were, as so often happens in such cases, healthy, vigorous and beautiful. Every nurseryman—and most amateurs—had a string of *V. gracilis* seedlings, named after respective wives, sweethearts and film sweethearts. And so, for a while, propagation of *V. gracilis* by legitimate, if unnatural, means—that is by cuttings—was neglected. The true plant died out, leaving nothing but a generation of bastards—beautiful, but bastards. That, I believe, is how we lost what was perhaps the most all-round valuable *Viola* species that ever came to English gardens. Of course, I may be wrong. True *V. gracilis* may still exist in some remote private garden or forgotten nursery. I hope it does. But for the last twenty years or so I have been searching for the plant, and have failed utterly to find it. Time after time nurserymen have assured me that they had the real thing—in all good faith, I feel sure—and I must have bought, several dozen times, on such assurances. But always there was disappointment. And the same has happened from private gardens. Kind, generous amateurs have sent me *gracilis*, for which I was truly grateful, but never has it turned out to be more than near *gracilis*, or almost *gracilis*. There is no mistaking the true plant when you have known, and grown, and "loved long since," as I have, and as doubtless many others have too. The odd thing is that no one seems to be quite certain as to when exactly *Viola gracilis* was last seen alive in this country. As far as I was concerned, I just became vaguely aware that I no longer had it. It took years of fruitless search to convince me that the plant was no longer obtainable.

Another plant which I used to grow without difficulty, and which I had in some considerable quantity, was a special form of *Campanula allionii*, which I called *C. a. grandiflora*. *Campanula allionii* is a very remarkable Alpine species. It runs underground with a colony of slender stems, and erupts with a concourse of large, solitary bell-flowers, lilac, lavender, purple, or pinkish lilac, each upon a stem only an inch or two high. There may be four or

five, or as many as a dozen flowers in a colony, and they have the oddest effect on their short, stumpy stems, almost as though some child had pulled off a handful of Canterbury-bell blossoms and thrown them on the ground. Normally they are not quite as big as Canterbury bells, but they are strangely large for their stature.

The *grandiflora* form of *C. allionii* was very much larger than any other that I ever saw; in fact, it was practically, if not quite, up to Canterbury standard, and its colour was that of the best deep-violet Canterbury bells. Where I got my original plant of this splendid variety I can not remember, but as far as I was concerned I lost it, a war casualty, between 1914 and 1918.

There are, of course, other distinct and beautiful forms of *Campanula allionii*. There is a pure white one, and there was a lovely pale-pink called "Frank Barker," which unfortunately became lost to cultivation. *C. a.* "Silver Chimes," another of Frank Barker's discoveries, had a curious history. He discovered and collected "Silver Chimes" in the Lautaret district of the Dauphiné Alps. It was a charming variety, with bells of a delicate, silvery, lavender blue. Somehow he lost his whole stock of it. In 1950 I was again at Lautaret with Frank, and one afternoon he made a determined and intensive search of the *C. allionii* screes, with the set intention of rediscovering "Silver Chimes," or at any rate its exact replica. To his joy, and my astonishment, he succeeded. It is not unlikely that the big, deep-violet *C. a. grandiflora* may turn up again.

In a cottage garden (English owner) in a high and remote valley in the Maritime Alps I once saw what was *C. a. grandiflora* over again. The same huge bells of the same deep, pure violet. It had been collected from neighbouring screes. That was many



"NEVER ONCE HAVE I COME UPON ANY TRACE OF TSCHIHATCHEWIA IN ANY GARDEN, PRIVATE, PUBLIC OR BOTANIC. NOR HAVE I SEEN IT MENTIONED IN THE HORTICULTURAL PRESS": *Tschihatchewia isatidea*—AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "BOTANICAL MAGAZINE" OF AUGUST 1, 1898. Reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Horticultural Society.

That is what I read fifty-two years ago, when Robinson's "English Flower Garden" (Seventh Edition) first fell into my hands. There is a charming wood-cut illustration which makes *Tschihatchewia* look rather like a well-flowered specimen of *Daphne cneorum*. Do you wonder that I fell in love with the plant—its description, its portrait and, above all, its name? The description in Robinson is initialled "M.L.", and that sets a great *cachet* on the matter; for Max Leichtlin was one of the greatest plantmen of his day. For over half a century I remained a constant, a faithful lover of what I imagined must be an Admirable Crichton of the rock-garden. And yet, involved up to the hilt in plant and flower interests though I have been, never once have I come upon any trace of *Tschihatchewia* in any garden, private, public or botanic. Nor have I seen it mentioned in the horticultural Press. It has remained, for ever nothing but an assortment of enchanting syllables, an elusive, tantalising will-o'-the-wisp of an idea. I almost began to wonder if my Admirable Crichton might not be a horticultural Mrs. Harris, whether it could be that there "ain't no such a plant."

A day or two ago, however, I picked up the scent again, and hope revived. Looking through "T" in the new R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," I came upon—as so often happens in using a dictionary—not the plant I was seeking, but my old love, *Tschihatchewia isatidea*. Yes, there it is. Some of its description is very like Robinson's, but with a few items added. It belongs to the order Cruciferae, and was named in honour of Count Pierre A. de Tschihatchef (1808-1890), famous Russian traveller and writer. It is a monotypic species, a perennial herb, related to *Isatis*, and



"I DO NOT REMEMBER EXACTLY WHEN THIS VIOLA CAME INTO CULTIVATION, BUT IT WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS POPULARITY IN THE YEARS JUST BEFORE THE FIRST WORLD WAR; AND SOMEHOW OR OTHER IT DISAPPEARED IN, I SHOULD SAY, THE EARLY '20s. THAT WAS A HORTICULTURAL CALAMITY OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE": *Viola gracilis*, A SUPREMELY GOOD PLANT, BOTH FOR THE ROCK-GARDEN AS WELL AS FOR MORE GENERAL PURPOSES.

From the drawing by Professor Edward Roworth.

years ago, and at the time I still had *grandiflora* at home in my garden. A search of that valley and the surrounding screes might be very rewarding, even to the extent of restoring those Tyrian bells to our gardens. It could almost be taken on the way to *Viola gracilis* and *Tschihatchewia*.

Those, then, are just a few of the plants which I have "loved long since, and lost awhile"—but let us hope only for a while.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' "SINFONIA ANTARTICA": THE FIRST PERFORMANCE.



DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS WITH SIR JOHN BARBIROLI IN MANCHESTER AFTER THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "SINFONIA ANTARTICA," DUE TO BE HEARD IN LONDON LAST WEEK.



DISCUSSING THE SCORE OF HIS NEW WORK WITH SIR JOHN BARBIROLI BEFORE THE FIRST PERFORMANCE ON JANUARY 14: DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



WITH LIEUT.-CDR. PETER SCOTT, ORNITHOLOGIST, ARTIST AND ARCTIC EXPLORER: DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, WHOSE NEW SYMPHONY IS PARTLY BASED ON THE MUSIC HE WROTE FOR THE FILM "SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC."

Dr. Vaughan Williams' new Seventh Symphony, now correctly called "Sinfonia Antartica," not "Sinfonia Antartica" as announced before, was given its first performance at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on January 14. The Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli, gave a carefully prepared and vital performance of the Symphony, which, although it contains some of the material used in the music which the composer wrote for the film "Scott of the Antarctic" is not a reconstruction of this, but an important new work, which illustrates that the genius of the eighty-year-old doyen of British Music still burns with a strong

flame. Mr. Ernest Newman, who listened to the broadcast of the work on the Third Programme, wrote in the *Sunday Times* that some of it "is in the old-established Vaughan Williams idiom, to which a slight new turn has been given for Antarctic purposes—a penguin's-eye view, shall we say, of Gloucestershire and the Pilgrim's Way?" A most enthusiastic reception was given to this important new work, which is in five movements, each with a superscription. Lieut.-Commander Peter Scott, son of "Scott of the Antarctic," was in the audience and chatted with Dr. Vaughan Williams during the interval.

MINISTERS OF THE CROWN IN A GREAT REIGN.

"QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER PRIME MINISTERS"; By ALGERNON CECIL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

EVER since Lytton Strachey published his caustic, in some regards penetrating, in some deplorably uncomprehending, "Eminent Victorians," there has been a profusion of volumes containing series of "potted biographies." Sometimes there has been a genealogical link between the subjects; sometimes they have been conjoined by mere contemporaneity; sometimes the memory of old acquaintance, personal to the author or contrived through family records, has been the bond. This book is no such heterogeneous collection. It has a continuity. It surveys an era with its changes, coolly and sagaciously, by means of giving a succession of pictures of the relations between a Queen, great in character, if not in intellect, utterly brave, honest and patriotic (though sometimes clouded by prejudice), with a variegated series of Prime Ministers, some of whom might have done great mischief to the country had the Monarchy not been there as a reminder and a check.

"The chapters in this book," says Mr. Cecil, "which deal with my father [Lord Eustace Cecil], Queen Victoria and her ten Prime Ministers are not chapters in biography, still less have I attempted to give in detail the history of the reign. Had it been my purpose to do either of these things, this book must have been at least twice its present length, and probably longer even than that. My purpose was simpler. It was to study the relations of the Queen with her ten Prime Ministers, their influence upon the Queen and, most important of all, the influence of the Queen and her Prime Ministers in their collaboration on the politics and the social and intellectual climate of their day. The chapters of this book are essays, then, in the sense which Walter Pater attached to the word in his 'Plato and Platonism'; that is to say, they seek to approach or attain truth tentatively 'as the elusive effect of a particular experience.' They are not in line with much that is assumed in the dogmas of to-day, but they are not, as it seems to me, any the worse for that."

That last sentence gives a clue to the general atmosphere of this book by an author, never prolific but always impressive, who describes himself as "a mere Victorian." He is not the slave of the dogmas of this or any other day. For all I know to the contrary he may, in youth, have gone through political measles, like many another man; perhaps, early, in a mild form—I remember many years ago a young relative of his amusing me by telling me "I was inoculated against everything at Eton." But in maturity he has certainly taken the line, at present unpopular over most of the world, of forming his opinions on the basis of observed facts rather than of saying "so much the worse for the facts" if they do not square with some fancied hypothesis. In his portrait of his father, who was a brother of the great Lord Salisbury, he says that he suspects that his father "would have found Burke's observation that 'a perfect democracy is . . . the most shameful thing in the world,' because men's 'own approbation of their own acts' has to them 'the appearance of a public judgment in their favour,' a reflection both congenial and convincing."

"There, too," he goes on, "the passage of the thirty-odd years since he died has rather increased than reduced my opinion of his instinct and his insight. I have watched the fine flower of Bloomsbury advance, with their hierophant at their head, and smiled to see them return again with loss from the engagement yet not wholly without admiration for the efficacy of the defence. And I have had, too, a good view of the Fabians descending like wolves on the fold they had set out to destroy and then losing their nerve, renouncing the new Soviet civilisation of their dreams, turning for succour to trans-Atlantic aid and, in fact, surrendering to a State, based to no small degree upon the political ideas prevalent in the days of George III. and very much in love still with such liberty as Washington might have harmoniously discussed in company with Burke. The old humanities, at least as they were applied to the ends of government in the nineteenth century, have a humaner look than modern science, so busy as it is with the fabrication of inhuman instruments of human destruction; and I am afraid, had Lucretius been with us, we should have had to suggest to him the amendment of a famous

something about history and the world, the handing-over to people who knew nothing beyond their own day and street should be expected to be a panacea.

Reflections such as these remain in one's mind after a reading of this ripe book, written in an easy, unaffected, muscular, melodious prose which is rare in these days. But let it not be supposed that the book is mainly argumentative. It is not: Mr. Cecil's mature opinions underlie every chapter, and he finds illustrations for them everywhere: but mainly he concentrates on his dedicated job of portraying the Queen, her Ministers, and the relations between them.

And he is never less than just even to those, like Lord John Russell and Gladstone, whom he thinks to have been most disastrous. He knows and respects sincerity when he sees it, even when he finds it in men whom he thinks deluded or hot-headed. An intelligent person with no strong views and no desire to form strong views could read this book with the greatest of pleasure because of the vividness of its portraiture, the ease of its narrative, and the unobtrusive wit and wisdom of its commentary. Familiar figures are here again, Melbourne, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Salisbury, Rosebery. Peel is brought back, a noble if limited man, in constant need of rehabilitation. "Little Johnny" Russell comes to life as a one-eyed statesman but "a nice old man." And fading figures like Derby and Aberdeen become men, and doing and thinking men, again, instead of names in a catalogue of Prime Ministers.

Victoria was a great Queen and she was served by great men, though some of them were unfortunately unaware whither they were heading. Once more we have a young Queen, with a worthy Consort. May she be as well served by as many eminent men. She has come to the Throne in one of the most perilous and tumultuous times since the Dark Ages, with the whole world in a ferment, and swords ready to leap from their scabbards in every quarter of the earth, and in some quarters unsheathed. On the other hand, she has, as her first Prime Minister, the most buoyant and versatile man, old in years, unquenchably young in spirit, soldier, historian, orator, artist, enthusiast and sage, who has ever served a Sovereign of England. Let us hope that fifty years hence another Cecil (and I cannot believe that the brains of that tribe will run out) will be able to write a book (her Majesty still being alive) called "Elizabeth II. and Her Prime Ministers," recording an illustrious reign, a succession of outstanding statesmen, and a recovery of this country's status in the eyes of the world, and in her own eyes.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 138 of this issue.



MR. ALGERNON CECIL, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Algernon Cecil was born in 1879; his father was Lord Eustace Cecil—the third son of the second Marquess of Salisbury. He was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford. His publications include "A Portrait of Thomas More" (1937), "Facing the Facts in Foreign Policy" (1941), and "A House in Bryanston Square" (1944).



LORD MELBOURNE.
(1779-1848.)

Prime Minister: July 1834 to Nov. 1834 and April 1835 to August 1841. From the portrait by J. Partridge, by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.



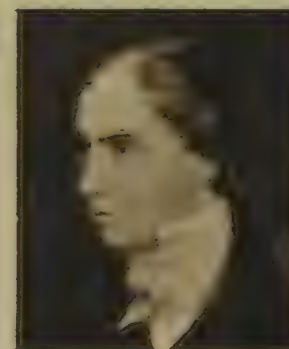
SIR ROBERT PEEL.
(1788-1850.)

Prime Minister: Dec. 1834 to April 1835 and Sept. 1841 to July 1846. From the portrait by J. Linnell, by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.



THE EARL OF DERBY. (1799-1869.)

Prime Minister: Feb. to Dec. 1852. Feb. 1858 to June 1859 and June 1866 to Dec. 1868. From the portrait by F. R. Say, by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.
(1784-1860.)

Prime Minister: December 1852 to January 1855. From the portrait by J. Partridge, by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.



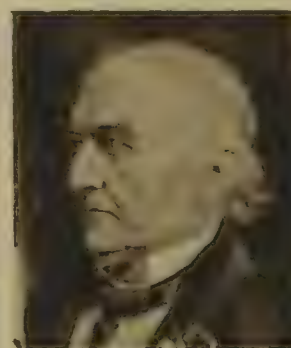
LORD PALMERSTON.
(1784-1865.)

Prime Minister: February 1855 to February 1858 and June 1859 to October 1865. From the portrait by J. Partridge, by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.



THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.
(1804-1881.)

Prime Minister: February 1868 to December 1868 and February 1874 to April 1880. From the portrait by Sir John Millais, by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
(1809-1898.)

Prime Minister: 1868 to 1874; 1880 to 1885; February to July 1886; and 1892 to 1894. From the portrait by S. P. Hall, by Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.



THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.
(1830-1903.)

Prime Minister and Foreign Sec.: July 1885 to Feb. 1886; Aug. 1886 to Aug. 1892; June 1895 to Nov. 1900. Premier: Nov. 1900 to July 1902. From the portrait by Sir George Richmond at Hatfield House.

Illustrations from the book, "Queen Victoria and Her Prime Ministers"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode.

line, so that he who runs might henceforth read *Tantum scientia potest suadere malorum*. The prophets of Progress, with a very big P to it, have been sadly derided by the event, and that in the very department of knowledge and in the very quarter of Europe upon which they had set their hopes." His uncle, when his party suddenly "stole the clothes of the Whigs while they were bathing," and made a momentous extension of the franchise, which was ultimately to lead to its extension to every male and female of twenty-one years of age, expressed his astonishment at the notion of "placing a great empire under the absolute control of the poorest classes in the towns." No disdain of poverty was implied in the remark. Lord Cranborne (as he then was) was a devout Christian and men of his party were doing all they could to mitigate the hardships of "the poorest classes in the towns" at a time when the Liberal apostles of Progress genuinely believed that if things were let alone (at whatever transient cost of suffering on the part of humbler folk) they would sort themselves out and a Brighter Day for All would arrive. No: the objection was to ignorance. The young Salisbury could not see why, when things had always proved hard enough to manage by people who did know

* "Queen Victoria and Her Prime Ministers." By Algernon Cecil. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**SIR EDWARD MARSH.**

Died on January 13, aged eighty. For forty years a Civil Servant, Sir Edward Marsh was private secretary to a number of the most celebrated Cabinet Ministers of his day, including Mr. Churchill, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. He was a discerning patron of the arts; and the author of distinguished translations of La Fontaine and of the Odes of Horace.



WITH SIX SCOTTISH BISHOPS: THE NEW BISHOP OF MORAY, ROSS AND CAITHNESS AFTER HIS ENTHRONEMENT.

The Very Rev. Dean D. MacInnes was enthroned as Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness at Inverness on January 13. He is in front (left), next to the Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, with, behind, the Bishops of Aberdeen and Orkney, Brechin, Edinburgh, St. Andrews and Glasgow and Galloway.

**MR. W. C. PENFIELD.**

Appointed to the Order of Merit in the New Year's Honours List. He is Professor of Neurology and Neurosurgery, McGill University; and Director of the Montreal Neurological Institute. (Karsh of Ottawa.)



THE DEATH OF ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PORTRAIT PAINTERS IN THE U.S.: MR. DOUGLAS CHANDOR.

Mr. Douglas Chandor, who died at his home in Texas on January 13, recently completed a portrait of H.M. the Queen, commissioned by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, for presentation to the British Embassy in Washington. Born in England, he went to the U.S. in 1926.



COMRADES ON EVEREST: THE SEVEN YOUNG SHERPAS WHO, WITH REISS, LAMBERT AND TENSING, REACHED THE SOUTH COL ON NOVEMBER 19, 1952.

Photographs taken during the second unsuccessful Swiss attempt to conquer Everest in 1952 appear elsewhere in this issue, together with the story of how Reiss, Lambert and the Sherpa Tensing reached a height of about 26,575 ft. before a relentless gale and a temperature of about 40 deg. below zero forced them to retreat. The British team who are going to make an attempt to climb Everest are due to leave for India in mid-February.



THE PRESIDENT'S PUTTER: MR. MICKLEM (R., WINNER); MR. CRAWLEY; MR. LUCAS (RUNNER-UP); MR. G. H. MICKLEM (Trinity);

Oxford defeated Mr. P. B. Lucas (Pembroke; Cambridge) by 2 and 1 in the final of the President's Putter at Rye, a match in which he played golf of the highest order. In the semi-finals he had beaten Mr. D. R. Martin (Oriel; Oxford); while Mr. Lucas won from Mr. L. G. Crawley (the 1952 holder) at the nineteenth hole.

**DR. JAMES B. CONANT.**

Chosen by President Eisenhower as the new American High Commissioner in Western Germany in succession to Mr. W. J. Donnelly, who retired at the end of December. Dr. Conant has been President of Harvard University since 1933 when, at the age of forty, he was one of the youngest men ever appointed. During World War II, he served for five years as Chairman of the National Defence Research Commission.

**LORD FREYBERG.**

To succeed Lord Cowrie as Deputy Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle. Until recently Lord Freyberg, who is sixty-two, was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand.



WINNER OF THE ANNUAL BRITISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIP IN SWITZERLAND: MR. NOEL HARRISON, SON OF THE BRITISH FILM STAR, MR. REX HARRISON.

Mr. Noel Harrison can be seen in our photograph just after winning the annual British Ski Championship (Continued opposite).

Continued.] which took place at St. Moritz. Last year he was the runner-up in this keenly-contested competition.



THE NEW AMATEUR SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPION HOLDING THE TROPHY: A. FAIRBAIRN, THE MIDDLESEX CRICKETER. In the final at the Lansdowne Club on January 12, A. Fairbairn captured the Amateur Squash Rackets title by defeating R. B. R. Wilson, 9-2, 9-2, 5-9, 9-1, after sixty-three minutes, a long time for such a score.

**AIR VICE-MARSHAL R. B. JORDAN.**

Appointed Director-General of Organisation, Air Ministry, from February 16 next, in succession to Air Vice-Marshal A. C. H. Sharp. Air Vice-Marshal Jordan has been A.O.C. No. 25 Group, Flying Training Command, since 1951.

**MRS. ANNE M. BRYANS.**

Appointed Deputy Chairman of the British Red Cross Executive Committee. She joined the Society as a probationer at the age of eighteen, and has served with distinction both at home and abroad. Since 1950 she has also been Chairman of the Florence Nightingale Hospital.



THE NEW U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE MUTUAL SECURITY AGENCY: MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES (LEFT) AND MR. HAROLD E. STASSEN.

Mr. Dulles, Secretary of State in the Eisenhower Administration, is the leading Republican party specialist on foreign policy. He was special adviser on foreign affairs to Mr. Truman, and drafted the Japanese Peace Treaty. Mr. Harold Stassen, Director of the Mutual Security Agency, resigned the Governorship of Minnesota in 1943 for service with the Navy. He was a U.S. delegate to the San Francisco Conference of U.N. in 1945.

BRITISH NOTABLES AND BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT: AT HOME AND ABROAD.



ART CRITICISM BY TELEVISION: SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A., POINTING OUT A DETAIL IN A "STILL LIFE" BY PIETER CLAESZ, FOR HIS BROADCAST.

Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy (who contributed to our last issue his specially written comments on a selection of the paintings on view in the Royal Academy Exhibition of Dutch Pictures 1450-1750), took Television viewers on a tour of the galleries on January 13 and gave outspoken comments.



SELECTING WORKS TO REPRESENT BRITAIN IN THE INTERNATIONAL SCULPTURE COMPETITION.

MR. H. D. MOLESWORTH, SIR PHILIP HENDY AND MR. PHILIP JAMES (L. TO R.)
Sir Philip Hendy, Director, National Gallery, Mr. Philip James, Art Director, Arts Council, and Mr. H. D. Molesworth, V. and A. Museum, were on the panel who selected the *maquettes* representing "An Unknown Political Prisoner" as British entrants for the forthcoming competition. See page 126.



CHEERED OFF THE TRAINING-SHIP WORCESTER BEFORE FLYING TO AMERICA FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION: TIMOTHY MASSEY. The Head of the Long Island Mercantile Marine Cadet Establishment invited Captain, G. C. Steele, V.C., Captain Superintendent of the training-ship *Worcester*, to send a cadet to see General Eisenhower's inauguration as President of the U.S.A. The selected boy was Chief Cadet Timothy Massey who is shown leaving *Worcester*.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY AT DURHAM: INSPECTING CADETS OF THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY WITH THE MAYOR, COUNCILLOR G. MCINTYRE, AND MAJOR-GENERAL H. MURRAY.

Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, who will carry the Royal Standard at the Coronation, received the Freedom of Durham on January 14. The Mayor, Councillor G. McIntyre, presented the scroll, engrossed on vellum and illuminated with a view of the Cathedral, in a casket of ancient oak made by local craftsmen from a piece taken from the Cathedral roof.



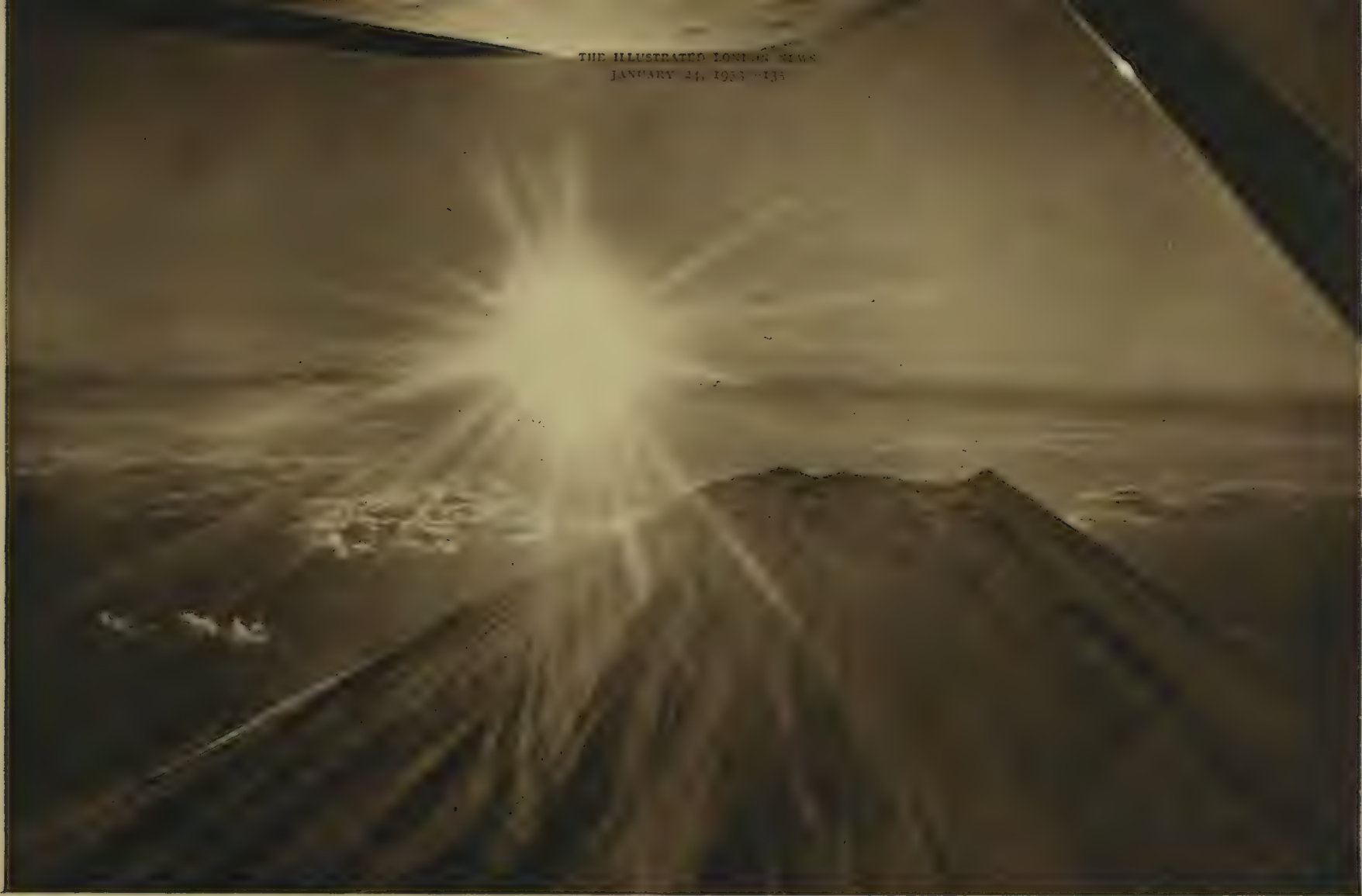
MR. CHURCHILL IN JAMAICA: THE PRIME MINISTER DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MONTEGO BAY, GIVING THE "V" SIGN TO THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS.

Mr. Churchill arrived in Jamaica on January 9 in the then President Truman's aircraft *Independence*, and was welcomed at the airport by some 10,000 people. After inspecting the guard of honour and meeting members of the Government, he drove to Sir Horace Mitchell's country estate, Prospect.



DRIVING THE 2,000,000TH DAGENHAM-BUILT VEHICLE, A ZEPHYR SIX SALOON, OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE: SIR ROWLAND SMITH, CHAIRMAN OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY.

After driving the 2,000,000th Dagenham-built vehicle off the assembly line on January 15, Sir Rowland Smith who had just returned from America, said that the U.S. alone is taking delivery of an average of 550 British Ford cars a month; and that discerning buyers are increasingly demanding British cars.



THE AIR TOURIST'S VIEW OF JAPAN'S MOST THRILLING SPECTACLE: DAWN FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT FUJI—THE 12,467-FT. QUIESCENT VOLCANO, JAPAN'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN



AS THE AIRCRAFT RISES ABOVE THE CONE-CRATER OF MOUNT FUJI, THE SUN LIFTS OUT OF A SEA OF CLOUDS AND SHOWS ITSELF TO THE CAMERA AS A BRILLIANT SYMBOL.

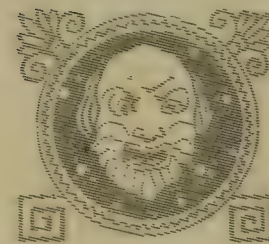
SUNRISE OVER MOUNT FUJI—AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOST DRAMATIC ASPECT OF JAPAN'S MOST SPECTACULAR MOUNTAIN.

Fuji-san, Mount Fuji, Fuji-no-yama or, as it is often called, Fuji-yama, is the loftiest, best-known, most beautiful and most sacred of the Japanese peaks. It is a quiescent volcano, rising direct from the plain in an almost unbrokenly symmetrical cone to the height of 12,467 ft. Its name "Fuji" is believed to be an ancient Ainu word signifying "fire." According to tradition it arose from

the plain in a single night in 286 B.C. and was active for many centuries, becoming quiescent in the eighteenth century. It is perhaps the most frequent and popular subject in Japanese art and has inspired innumerable legends. There is a Japanese proverb to the effect that: "There are two kinds of fools in Japan: those who have never climbed Fuji, and those who have climbed it twice."



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



ALL-BUT-MASTERLY.

By ALAN DENT.

FOR sheer perfection in programme-building commend me to the specimen I sat through at the little Academy in Oxford Street the other evening. The main film was René Clément's superb and disturbing "The Secret Game"—about which much more later. As flying buttresses to this cathedral, so to speak, we had an unusual French news-reel of world-wide scope, Norman McLaren's brilliant cartoon-film called "Neighbours" (already recommended here as a taut and terrifying little parable that shows the idiocy as well as the horror of war in overwhelmingly simple terms), and the exquisite "Visit to Picasso." The last gives a quite enchanting vista of the marvellous variety in mood and potency of the greatest living artist. It is far more than the usual series of close-ups of the artist's works—though these are many and revealing; it is also a close-up of the artist at work. Picasso is sketching with his brush on clear plate-glass, and we are on the other side of the glass. He is absorbed in what he is devising, but every now and again he looks through his design straight at us. Something subtler than a wink is in his eyes, and something subtler than a smile crosses his mouth. The face is arresting physically, but it is still more arresting because it is so full of thought, of humour and sadness, and of something compounded inextricably of sympathy and scorn. I could look upon this artist at work again and again, and shall seize every opportunity of doing so.

Before I approach the remarkable new Clément film, "The Secret Game," let me take a brief survey of some other European films that have been doing well in London, and will soon be seen in the increasing number of cinemas up and down the country that are now supplying a profitable demand for the best foreign creations. "The Seven Deadly Sins," at the Cameo-Polytechnic, is perhaps the most sensational example. It gives us a series of disconnected episodes—an eighth Deadly Sin, which is "Imagination," having been thrown in to make good measure—and though these necessarily vary in quality, not one of them is insipid or banal. Some of the best resources of French and Italian directoral and acting talent have, in fact, gone to the making of this intensely adult picture.

It would take too much space to give a synopsis of each story, and in fact the film as a whole takes rather too much running-time. Perhaps the episode which telescopes the sins of Avarice and Anger might easily and advantageously be truncated. This is made and acted by Italians, and perhaps the Italians have never quite achieved the cynical succinctness of the French—in the short-story medium, at least. This is a tale of a poor man who picks up his landlord's wallet after the latter had called vainly to collect his rent. The finder is inclined to call the wallet "an act of God," but he has been observed by another tenant who is still more badly off. A mixture of conscience and expediency forces him to return the wallet to the owner, who is so greedy that he pretends to miss some of the contents so that he may not be obliged to offer the finder the customary reward. The cynical point of the story is here made sufficiently, and yet the story is not nearly over.

There develops a long and clumsy business of how a pearl from the landlord's wife's necklace—a pearl worth the exact amount of the rent he still owes—found its way into the poor man's shoe.

None of the other episodes shows anything like the same inability to finish itself satisfactorily.

Gluttony concludes with a delicious surprise; Envy (which is by Colette and therefore has a white cat at the apex of its comic triangle) has a kind of sour-sweet charm; Pride (largely through notable acting by



"WHAT DOES A FAMILY IN A CROWDED ROMAN TENEMENT DO WITH A REAL, LIVE ELEPHANT? VISIT THIS GAY, INCONSEQUENT FILM WHEN IT COMES YOUR WAY, AND FIND OUT": "HELLO, ELEPHANT," AN ITALIAN FILM, DIRECTED BY GIANNI FRANCIOLINI AND STARRING VITTORIO DE SICA, MARIA MERCADER AND SABU. A SCENE, SHOWING THE AWKWARD PUPIL AT A WINDOW. THIS FILM "GIVES US THE GREAT DIRECTOR, DE SICA, IN THE UNEXPECTED GUISE OF A FILM-ACTOR."

Françoise Rosay and Michèle Morgan as a mother and daughter reduced to poverty) has true poignancy; and Imagination sends every man-jack and woman-jill of us home, tingling with shame at having harboured mischievous thoughts over a situation in a Parisian basement which proves,



"THE PERFORMANCE OF THE TWO CHILDREN IS PIERCINGLY FINE . . . AND THE DIRECTION IS EVERYWHERE THAT OF A MASTER OF FILM-CRAFT": "THE SECRET GAME" (LES JEUX INTERDITS), A RENÉ CLÉMENT FILM, SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH PAULETTE (BRIGITTE FOSSEY) WANTS TO DIG A HOLE FOR HER DEAD PUPPY, AND MICHEL (GEORGES POUJOLY) SHOWS HER HOW TO DO IT.



"I SHOULD CALL THIS GREAT FILM AN ALL-BUT-MASTERPIECE": "THE SECRET GAME"—A SCENE IN WHICH THE CURÉ DISCLOSES THAT IT IS MICHEL WHO HAS TAKEN THE MISSING CROSSES FROM THE CEMETERY. (L. TO R.) BERTHE DOLLÉ (LAURENCE BADIE), THE CURÉ (LOUIS SAINTÉVE), PAULETTE (BRIGITTE FOSSEY).

after all, to be perfectly workaday and unequivocal.

Perhaps the most striking feature about "Hello, Elephant," at the Rialto, is that it gives us the great director, de Sica, in the unexpected guise of a film-actor. An agreeable, smiling actor he makes, too. This slight but charming fantasy concerns an

underpaid school-master (de Sica), who acts as guide to Rome to an Indian prince (Sabu, speaking English). Perhaps the best sequence is one in which the school-master, waiting for a bus alongside the Forum, quietly and ever-smilingly points out to a professional guide that a vestigial statue is a pugilist of the fourth century and not a discus-thrower of the third. It is to the fearful dispute arising from this that the Indian prince is attracted. He makes our hero his own personal guide, and meets the latter's wife and little children. Not only does the prince pay the overdue rent; he sends the children a real, live elephant on his return to India. What does a family in a crowded Roman tenement do with a real, live elephant? Visit this gay, inconsequent film when it comes your way, and find out.

But visit with much less hesitation the terrible, haunting, tragic, pathetic, poetic, heartrending and soul-uplifting Clément masterpiece, "The Secret Game." Or perhaps, more guardedly, I should call this great film an all-but-masterpiece. It begins almost too well, so that everything that follows is an almost imperceptible but gradual decline into a conclusion that is more provocative than declared. The situation must already be well known to everyone who reads about cinema. A little Parisian girl of five has been thrown into the company of a peasant-boy of eleven through the exigencies of war. She has lost her parents and the little dog that had been her dearest friend. To console her, the boy buries the dog with ceremony, and the two children start a cemetery—a secret game—keeping the dog company with other dead animals, birds, insects. They are watched by a horribly wise old owl in the rafters of the old mill where their cemetery is hidden. The children take to stealing crosses to mark the graves. They even steal the cross from the grave of the boy's own brother, and through this they are found out. The end is lacerating—the boy being brutally punished, and the girl being sent to an orphanage and getting lost in a waiting-room on her way there.

The performance of the two children is piercingly fine, the occasional musical commentary from a single lonely guitar is an inspiration, and the direction is everywhere that of a master of film-craft. This film is both a poem and an argument. It is a subtle—sometimes over-subtle—argument against the existence of war; and it is a poem surrounding, like an

aura, one of war-time's appalling emergencies. I cannot see eye-to-eye with those critics who call it an argument and not a poem, or with those who call it a poem and not an argument. It is intensely and urgently both these things at once. If there is no anti-war argument, why do we have so much emphasis on the bitter feud between the squalid house (where the children live) and their next-door and equally squalid neighbours? If there is no poetry—but there! the poetry is manifest everywhere for everyone with eyes to see. And nowhere is it more manifest than in that marvellous opening sequence, where we behold a smiling French landscape in the

blessed sunlight, approach an ancient, beautiful bridge that crosses a beaming river, and then are suddenly aware that the bridge is crowded with human refugees, all hurrying one way, in screaming confusion before the man-made bombs which are just about to rain death out of God's tranquil sky.

SPORT, SOCIAL OCCASIONS AND CORONATION PREPARATIONS: THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE.



ENGLAND'S VICTORY OVER WALES ON JANUARY 17 IN THE RUGBY FOOTBALL INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT CARDIFF BY EIGHT POINTS TO THREE: THE WINNING TEAM. The England XV. defeated Wales in the International Rugby match, thus depriving Wales of the triple crown. Our group shows (l. to r.; back row) Colonel G. Warden (touch judge), W. A. Holmes, R. V. Stirling, A. E. Agar, S. J. Adkins, J. E. Woodward, N. A. Labuschagne, and Captain M. J. Dowling (Irish Rugby Union referee); and (seated) J. Mc. G. Kendall-Carpenter, D. T. Wilkins, N. M. Hall (captain) L. B. Cannell, D. F. White; and (in front) A. O. Lewis, R. Bazley, P. W. Sykes and M. Regan.



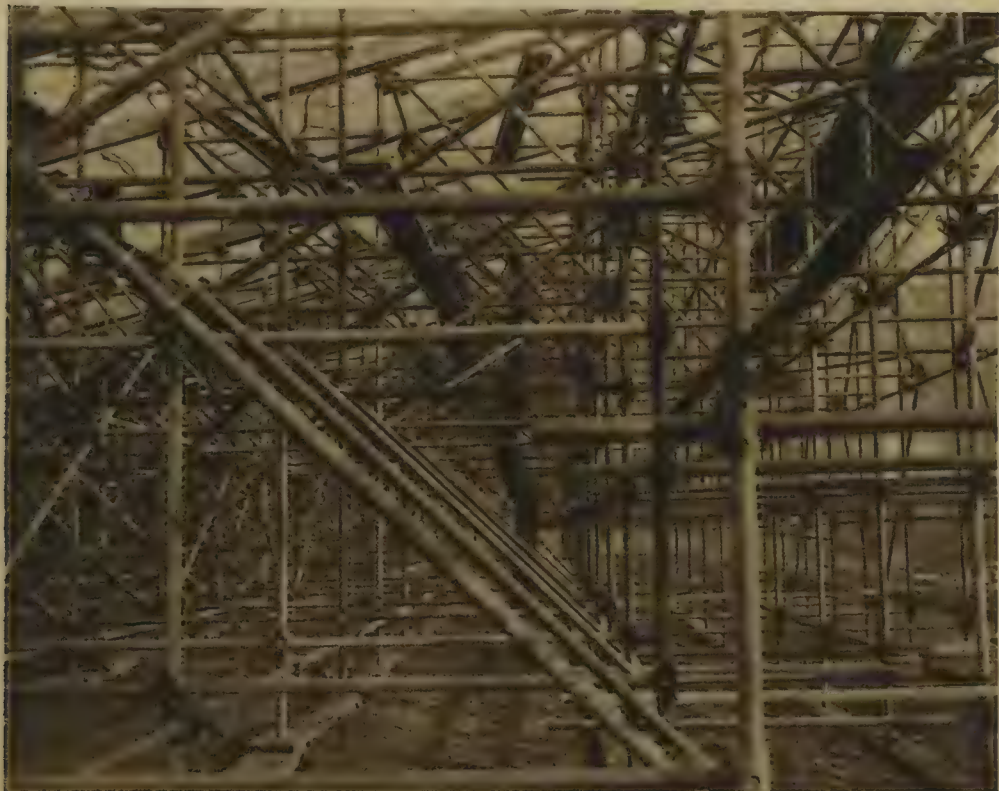
THE TAY SALMON ROD-FISHING SEASON OPENS: THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY OF BREAKING A BOTTLE OF WHISKY OVER THE BOW OF ONE OF THE BOATS. The Tay salmon rod-fishing season opened on January 15; and Miss M. A. Rae, of the Breadalbane Hotel, Kenmore, duly carried out the traditional ceremony of breaking a bottle of whisky over the bows of one of the boats to the sound of the skirl of the pipes.



THE MARRIAGE OF FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM'S DAUGHTER TO CAPTAIN PETER NIGEL STEWART FRAZER: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY. The marriage of Miss Una Slim, daughter of Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Governor-General-designate of the Commonwealth of Australia, and Lady Slim, to Captain Peter Nigel Stewart Frazer, Grenadier Guards, younger son of Colonel and Mrs. D. S. Frazer, of Lingen Grange, Lingen, Herefordshire, was solemnised on Saturday, January 17, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of Nottingham lace with a tulle veil held in place by a pearl-and-floral wreath.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON WITH YOUNG ORIENTAL POTENTATES: SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE WITH GUESTS AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DESS PARTY AT MANSION HOUSE. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave the traditional annual Children's Fancy-Dress Party at Mansion House on Saturday, January 17. Our photograph shows Sir Rupert de la Bère, London's Coronation Year Lord Mayor, chatting to two of his young guests, who were attired in robes of Oriental splendour.



CORONATION PREPARATIONS IN LONDON: THE SCAFFOLDING SUPPORTING STANDS ALONG THE PROCESSIONAL ROUTE. THIS CONSTRUCTION IS GOING UP IN GREEN PARK, FACING PICCADILLY. STANDS IN THE MALL ARE NEARING COMPLETION, AND THOSE IN HYDE PARK ARE GOING UP. BYRON'S STATUE, SITUATED AMID ONE, HAS BEEN BOXED IN



CORONATION YEAR GROOMING: ALFRED GILBERT'S STATUE, "THE ANGEL OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY," KNOWN TO ALL THE WORLD AS EROS, HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THE FOUNTAIN IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND TAKEN TO LAMBETH FOR CLEANING AND REPAIR.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

"PROMISE" in a first book is usually the overture to disappointment. There are, of course, exceptions—glittering exceptions; the great have frequently led off with a trial run, but, as a rule, the hopeful spark turns out to be the whole achievement. Writers who start like experts—and they are getting wonderfully common—inspire no greater trust. But then, how is the poor beginner to begin? How can one tell a rising star, if neither skill nor promise is acceptable?

Frankly, I just don't know. I don't know whether "Bury Me in Lead," by I. Goodwin (Wingate; 10s. 6d.), opens a new career or not. But in the first place, it is something done—not merely promised, but embodied. It has no routine tricks; the style (which is accomplished, certainly, for a first book) clings to the substance like an aura. And, best of all, it is a work of the imagination. Apart from that, one might describe it as a thriller—just as you might call "Peter Grimes" a thriller. They are by no means totally unlike.

This is the story of young Roland Barton, the draper's son of Wadersworp, in Norfolk, with his silvery hair, his pliant and deceiving charm. Sally, the ragamuffin daughter of the Hall, trails him in all his walks, fondly supposing it a secret. But, of course, he knew; and now he is going off to Edinburgh as a medical student. So he winds up this ghost of a romance by taking her to Witches' Water—rather a grisly choice, but she would have it—and kindly kissing her good-bye. Then the new world engulfs him: a world of towering streets, of shapeless rumour and suggestion, of obscure ill-will. At first, Roland is all astray. Then he falls in with Johnnie, the aggressive dwarf; and Johnnie fastens on him as a "subject." It is a short cut to initiation. Though he dislikes his guide, a third-year zealot for anatomy and Dr. Knox, he too sits at the Master's feet; running with Johnnie's crew, he learns to drink and brawl, and sing wild ballads in the churchyard, while his new friends open the grave. The lad with the silver hair is now the Angel of the resurrections. He meets his first love in a body-snatchers' den. He sees her last, floating in whisky—another unowned corpse, another "subject for the doctors." . . . Then he has "Lady Sally" in her place. . . . Then the trump sounds for doom; and he has nothing in the world but a black door, barred on the horrors of remembrance. He has gone home to rot in peace; but there is no peace left, even in Norfolk. And the door won't stay shut.

It was this trance-like shimmer of decay, this spell-bound close, that so reminded me of Crabbe. Indeed, the whole book has a visionary gleam. Even the cliffs of the Old Town, the grim environment of resurrection, might be thrown up by the unconscious. Of course, we recognise the theme; we know these Irish "regulars," William and John, who steal so quietly on the plot. And there is no lack of horrific detail. But it is still a visionary ghastliness—not the cold squalor of a police report.

"The Twenty Thousand Thieves," by Eric Lambert (Frederick Muller; 12s. 6d.), is an Australian story of the war. The Second X Battalion lands in the Middle East, goes "up the desert" into battle, holds the lone fortress of Tobruk—then is withdrawn to Palestine, re-forms, and comes back for the desert victory. Most war books are identical in interest. They nearly all reply to the same questions: What was it like? How was it for the men engaged? What did they think and feel about it? And, because nature is their common stuff, they nearly all say the same things. Yet we still want to know, and each true record has a fascination.

This, one can see, is true; and it is also kindly; and, as I said before, it is Australian. Which adds a secondary charm, a touch of difference. . . . Only a touch. Dick Brett, the central figure, might have grown up in Surrey. Young Captain Crane, the Boy Scout chafing for a decoration—Gilby, the mild idealist in arms—Groggy the inefficient colonel—Percy the funk—Tommy the white-faced little gutterblood—even Chips Prentice, hero of the hour, even the rebel Dooley, the irrepressible Go Through—all might be native products. Nor is the gulf of rank, the tension between officers and men, as much reduced as you might think. Yet here some differences can be felt; and so the time in camp—a time of grievances and "jack-ups"—is in its way more interesting than the battle-scenes.

"A Daughter's a Daughter," by Mary Westmacott (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), raises a wild surmise; for though the tale is "straight," its author is the Queen of Crime. Agatha Christie without crime! What will she do, what shall we think of her in the new rôle?

At forty-odd, gentle, unworldly Ann is verging on a second spring; and while her daughter Sarah is away, she takes up with a man from Burma. Unluckily, he is not Sarah's type. She sets him down a pompous bore (not without cause) and vows that Mother shall be "saved" from him. Which she proceeds to do, by staging a perpetual dogfight. This is too much for Ann, and she resigns him for the sake of peace. Only she calls it mother-love. . . . And what will happen next, Dame Laura Whitstable could have foretold. (Dame Laura is the Poirot of the tale.) But it is no use "pointing out"; an inner truth has to be felt—and it comes home to Ann, not too late for a happy ending. This is a pure-bred Christie after all. Only, instead of Crime, it has psychiatry-for-the-beginner. And with no problem to resolve, it becomes ultra-readable; it simply melts upon the tongue.

In "The Twopenny Box," by John Newton Chance (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.), a well-known writer who has a bookshop in a seaside town opens it one fine morning on a body. It has slipped down beside the twopenny box. And worst of all, there is no mystery about it. Roger has seen this spiv-like character before; he came last night, asking for Johnnie. It is too clear they must have met; and where is Johnnie now? Roger takes counsel with his wife, and they agree to hide the corpse, pretend that all is well, and somehow get hold of the boy. . . . Meanwhile, another spiv is on his trail. And there are two young women to be dealt with: Anne Penn, their soft, reliable young shop-girl, coming out in a new light, and Laura, the cold, sexy stranger. And if you care for thrillers as a class this one is pleasing, civilised and light in hand.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE SPRINGTIME OF CHIVALRY.

WHEN King Henry VIII. ordered the "trial" of the bones of St. Thomas Becket, and condemned the martyr for high treason, it was as a preliminary to the plundering of one of the richest and most famous shrines in Christendom. Thomas Becket of Canterbury was a great Englishman. "Great was he in truth," wrote FitzStephen, who saw him die, "always and in all places; great in the palace, great at the altar, great both at court and in the Church; great when going forth on his pilgrimage, great when returning, and singularly great at his journey's end." His biographer, Mr. Alfred Duggan, has written an attractive study of what he describes as "the whole splendid, bustling world of twelfth-century Christendom." "Thomas Becket of Canterbury" (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.).

It was a world far more united than our own, and the bonds of unity were quite different from those which we recognise to-day, or hope to re-establish. Taken outside this setting of Pope and Emperor, of King's courts and Church courts, the struggle between Henry II. and Thomas Becket becomes meaningless. It is one of the great merits of Mr. Duggan's book that he recreates that world, and shows the universally accepted premises upon which it was based, and the motives and habits of thought which flowed from them. At the climax of the dramatic scene at Northampton, when the King's Court had passed sentence upon Archbishop Thomas, the barons trooped down to the great hall to inform him of it, and probably to put him under arrest. "But at the open door of the solar they checked," writes Mr. Duggan, "seeing the Archbishop in cope and pallium, his cross in his hands, surrounded by his faithful suffragans and clerks. They were the grandsons of the heroes who stormed Antioch and Jerusalem, and their sons would follow Richard the Lionheart to Acre; they took it for granted that once in his life every gentleman would journey to Outremer to fight for God's Church; they were the King's servants, but God's also, as was every knight in that springtime of chivalry. They dared not pass sentence on a consecrated Bishop." Again, Mr. Duggan never for a moment views his saint through a stained glass daskly. Thomas was by training a knight and a warrior, fiery and passionate as Henry himself, bringing to the service of the Church all the might and valour which he had exercised in the service of the King, brandishing his cross "rather as though it was the lance with which he had unhorsed Engelram de Trie." Mr. Duggan enjoys, too, a power of sensitive and accurate imagination which lends immense force to his writing. Thus, when he shows us Thomas covering his face as he stands before his murderers, he comments: "It is as difficult for a trained swordsman to take a blow on the head without parrying or dodging as it is for a trained boxer to take a punch on the chin without making some effort to duck. Thomas was a skilled warrior, and he was determined not to flinch." This is quite one of the best books of its kind that I have ever read.

The discovery and publication of Benjamin Constant's "Cécile" (John Lehmann; 9s.), lost for nearly a century and a half, is an important literary event. It is an autobiographical fragment, thinly disguised as a novel, and therefore throws an interesting light on Constant's "Adolphe," in which the autobiography is more carefully concealed. The literary historian of the period has been given a good solid bone to gnaw. But for the rest of us—how wearisome, how disenchanting, are these revelations of the Age of Decadent Elegance! Here is the lady who became the author's second wife, Charlotte von Hardenberg (to give her her real name)—a professional ingénue, vapid and raddled. Here is that hysterical termagant, Mme. de Stael, roaring and bawling in access after access of emotional exhibitionism. And between the two of them dithers the capricious and ineffectual Constant—so aptly, so ironically named!—wallowing like a clumsy buffalo in this ooze of sex and sentiment. Around the three of them revolves a pale company of betrayed husbands and discarded lovers. What on earth is any adult to make of this nurseryful of bilious and querulous children, busily engaged in smashing up the dirty toys they are pleased to call their hearts? Not all the elegance of John Lehmann's production, nor the brilliance of Norman Cameron's translation, can give point to these sordid little revelations.

Princess Anne-Marie Callimachi's memoirs, "Yesterday Was Mine" (Falcon Press; 17s. 6d.), will not excite the historians. The book, however, is readable, amusing, and full of life and colour. Pre-war aristocratic society cannot have varied a great deal, but Princess Callimachi shows, in one or two passages, that in Bucharest that society had a certain piquancy which it lacked, perhaps, in West European capitals: "Once, however," she writes, "I witnessed Bucharest society being shattered when, in a drunken moment, a well-known young man set ablaze the sequined dress of his mistress in a night-club. She was almost instantaneously burned to death, and her lover, an officer, shot himself with his regulation revolver in front of the speechless husband. Admittedly this was spectacular enough to create a sensation." I also enjoyed the Princess's reflections on English nannies, and her account of Nurse

Wilkinson, who greeted some such shattering news as the death of the King, with: "Madam, I will believe it when I see it in black and white in *The Times*." But *The Times* remained silent. Nurse Wilkinson's scepticism was justified; it was only a rumour! Princess Callimachi uses her somewhat slight medium with considerable artistry.

My own attitude to Gilbert and Sullivan is illustrated by Mr. Martyn Green's story of an irate first officer of the Merchant Navy, from whom he tried to borrow a sword for a fancy-dress party on board ship. The first officer was in his cabin, trying to sleep after a long spell of duty on the bridge, and ended his fluent comments by enquiring: "Who the hell do you think you are?" Rather timidly, Martyn Green told him: "I'm one of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company." He sat upright. "One of the D'Oyly—do you sing Gilbert and Sullivan?" I nodded. "Why the bloody hell didn't you say so at first? You can have the bloody ship!" Mr. Green's reminiscences, "Here's a How-de-do" (Max Reinhardt; 21s.), are well chosen, well told and well illustrated.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WITH some very necessary assistance, I pair up, in postal chess, some 2500 people per year. I must have arranged at least 100,000 such games by now, for few people are satisfied, once they start, with a single opponent at a time, and some of them take on dozens. I arranged 1200 postal games last week.

It is like a marriage bureau with, I suppose, some dangers eliminated but others intensified. Which reminds me that my club has several sweet old ladies, whom I never feel quite so happy in pairing one against another. It is much more exciting to link one of them with some nice old gentleman, and imagine the rest. . . . Incidentally, their sweetness rarely takes the form of clemency towards opponents. Some of them are rattling fine players. At least five ought to play in the British Women's Championship—for which there has been difficulty in securing enough entries of late. Why won't our feminine experts play in congresses? The answer is probably a dislike of the limelight, that trait of the ladies which has so signally failed to diminish their influence on history.

I suppose there are risks in pairing people by post. Occasionally I do "vet" the pairings. When Predestination would have paired the Hon. — with a fellow living in some mysterious institution whose letters always looked as if they had been written in mud, then stamped on in fury, I introduced a little Free Will into the equation. One man wrote from prison where he was serving a ten-year sentence. He was allowed a letter a week, had no friends: could he use it to play somebody at chess?

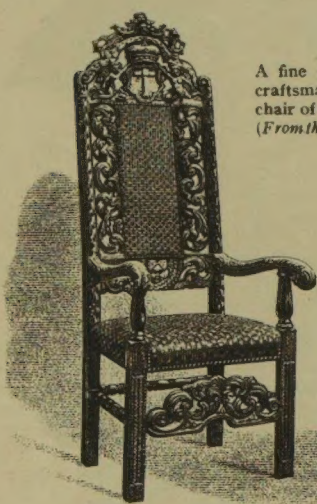
Though I have often had slight qualms, they have never been justified. Enthusiasm for chess can apparently make blood-brothers of a Cabinet Minister and a coal-heaver. When trouble does come, it is always out of a clear blue sky. I find myself reading "My opponent has altered my last move from P-K6 to R-Kt6, so that instead of winning a pawn, I lose a knight . . ." and the smell of trouble is suddenly strong in my nostrils. One member must have been quite cracked; he lost every game he played and infuriated opponents by writing in bad moves for them as well as himself. Another suddenly called his opponent a liar, a swindler and a cheat for reasons neither the opponent nor I have been able to elucidate.

With 2000 flowing through the turnstiles, Death constantly eyes the crowd. Of one mere boy who died mysteriously, "He loved his chess," his mother wrote. Another youth took his yacht out to sea but never came back. We are planning a little tournament in his memory.

Harold Hartley was a popular member, not unconnected, I understood, with the jam industry. Some months ago he asked for more games but mentioned that he was poorly. Stomach trouble. Fool that I was, I penned a few lines saying I had found a deliberately placid mind a help to easy digestion. The reply came, "Your words are kind but I have cancer of the liver, I am heavily jaundiced and my case is hopeless." I tried to reply, but words just failed me. His games went on—he won a couple. At last he became too weak to write his moves, so he dictated them. On November 19 his daughter wrote at his dictation: "I shall endeavour to continue our games as long as I possibly can." On December 6 he died.

Sometimes when drudging away after midnight answering silly enquiries, patching up petty squabbles, I become a little tired of this postal chess organising; but I have only to reflect how often, without knowing anything about it, I have been providing pleasure and solace up to the very gates of death, and I am revived.

How few of the members cause any bother, after all! It is surprising how nice the average person is.

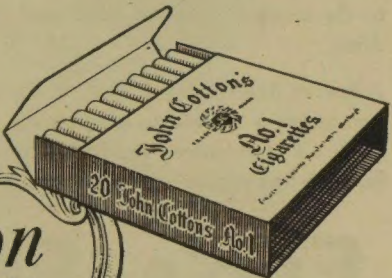


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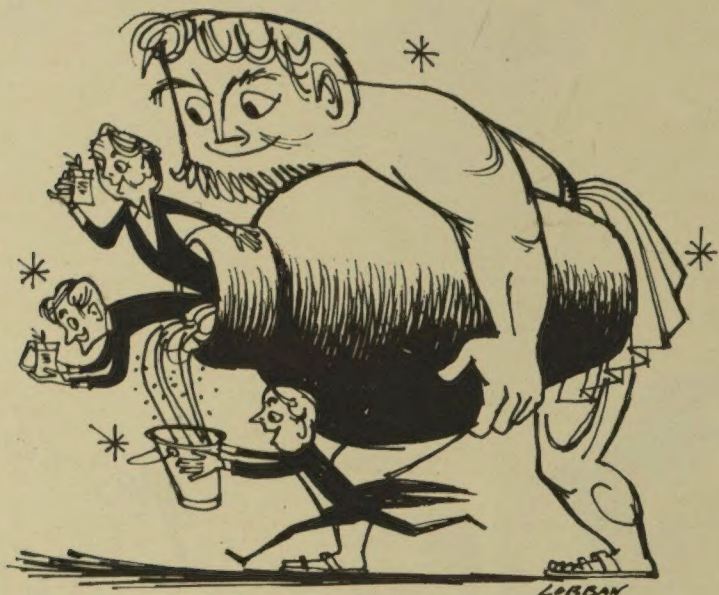


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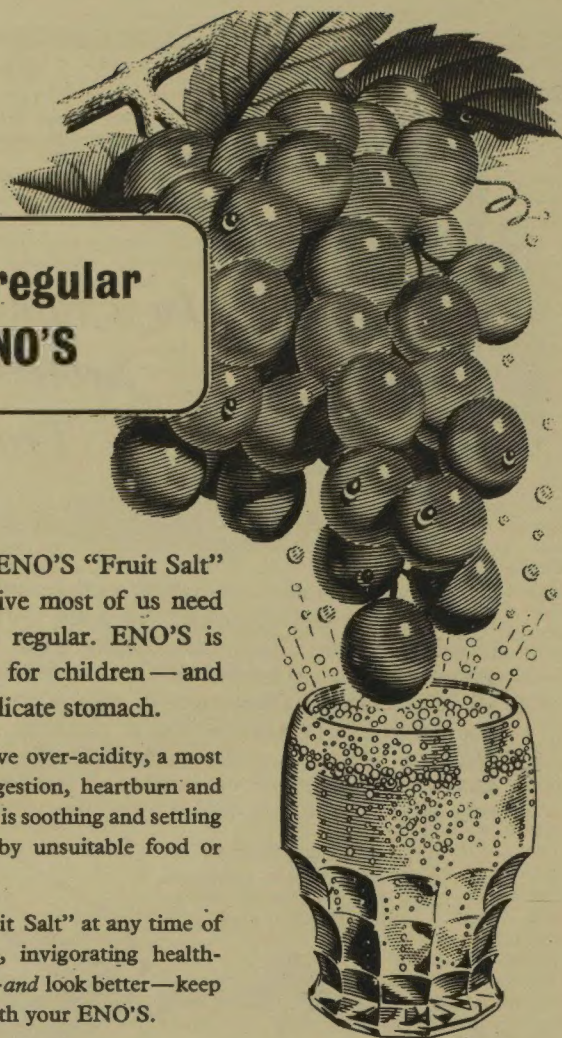
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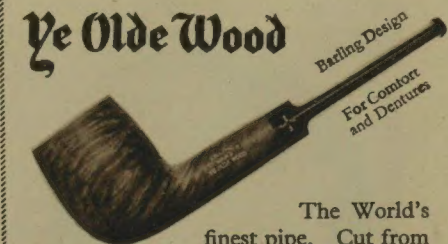
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